



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

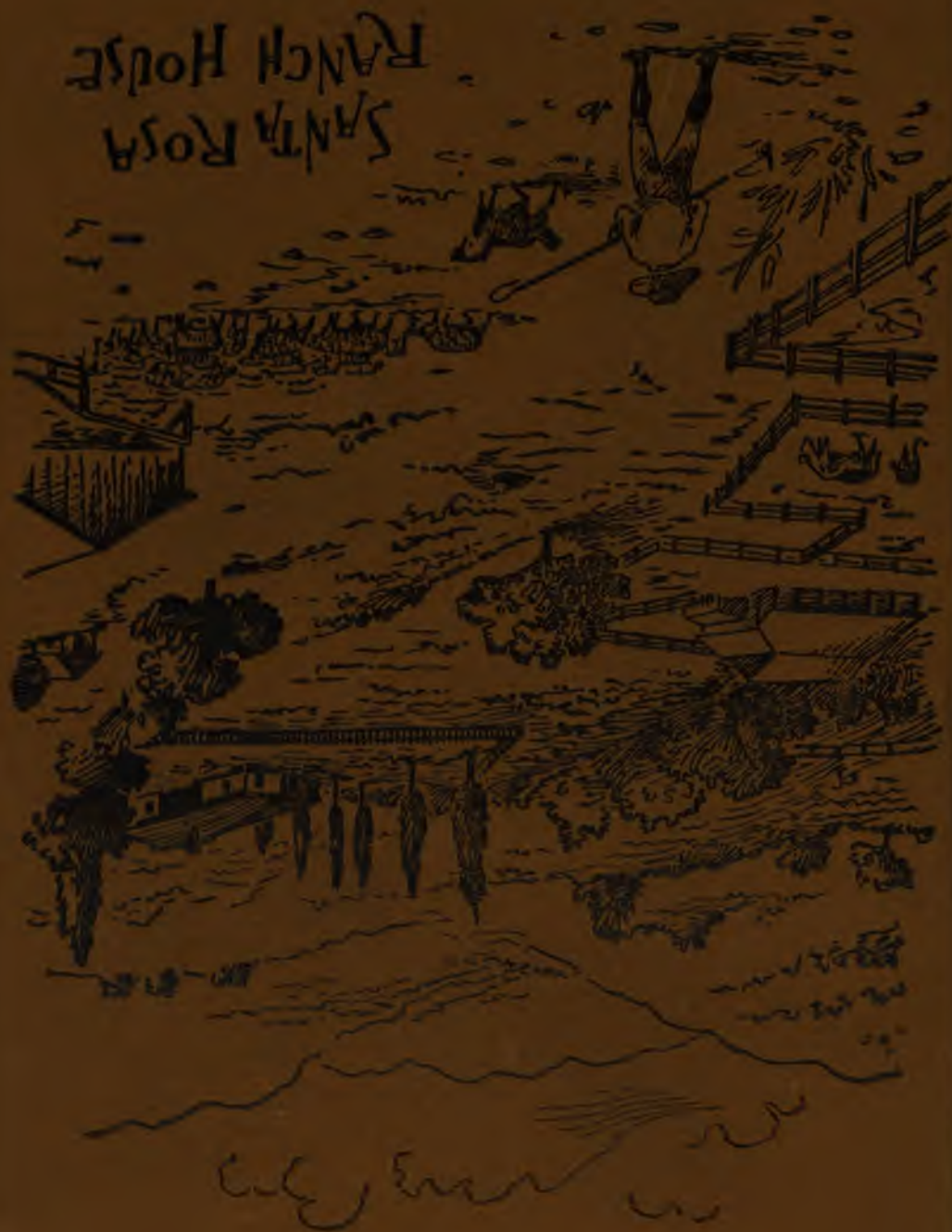
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

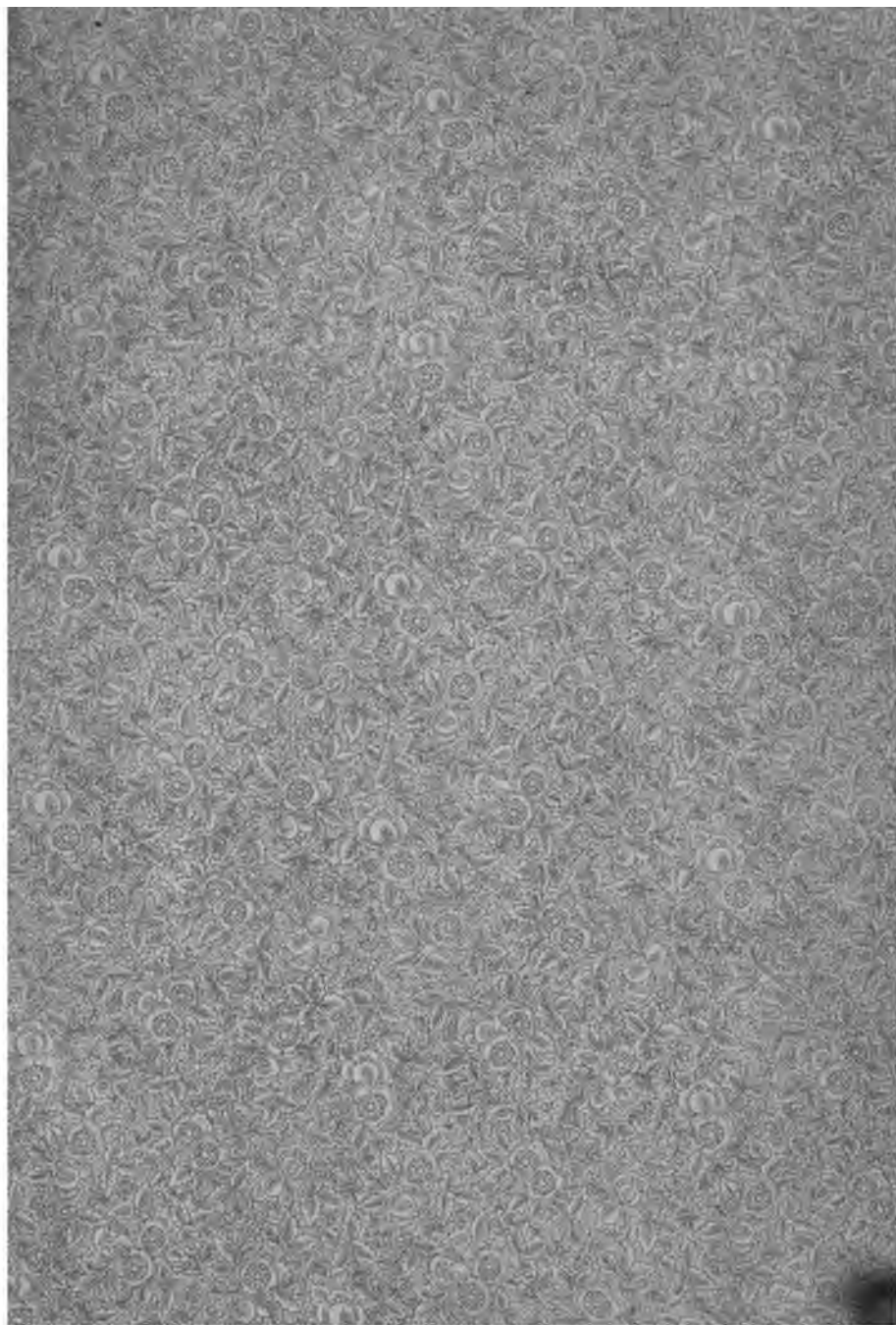
### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

SANTA ROSA  
RANCH HOUSE







1475

Mrs. M. S. Barnes.

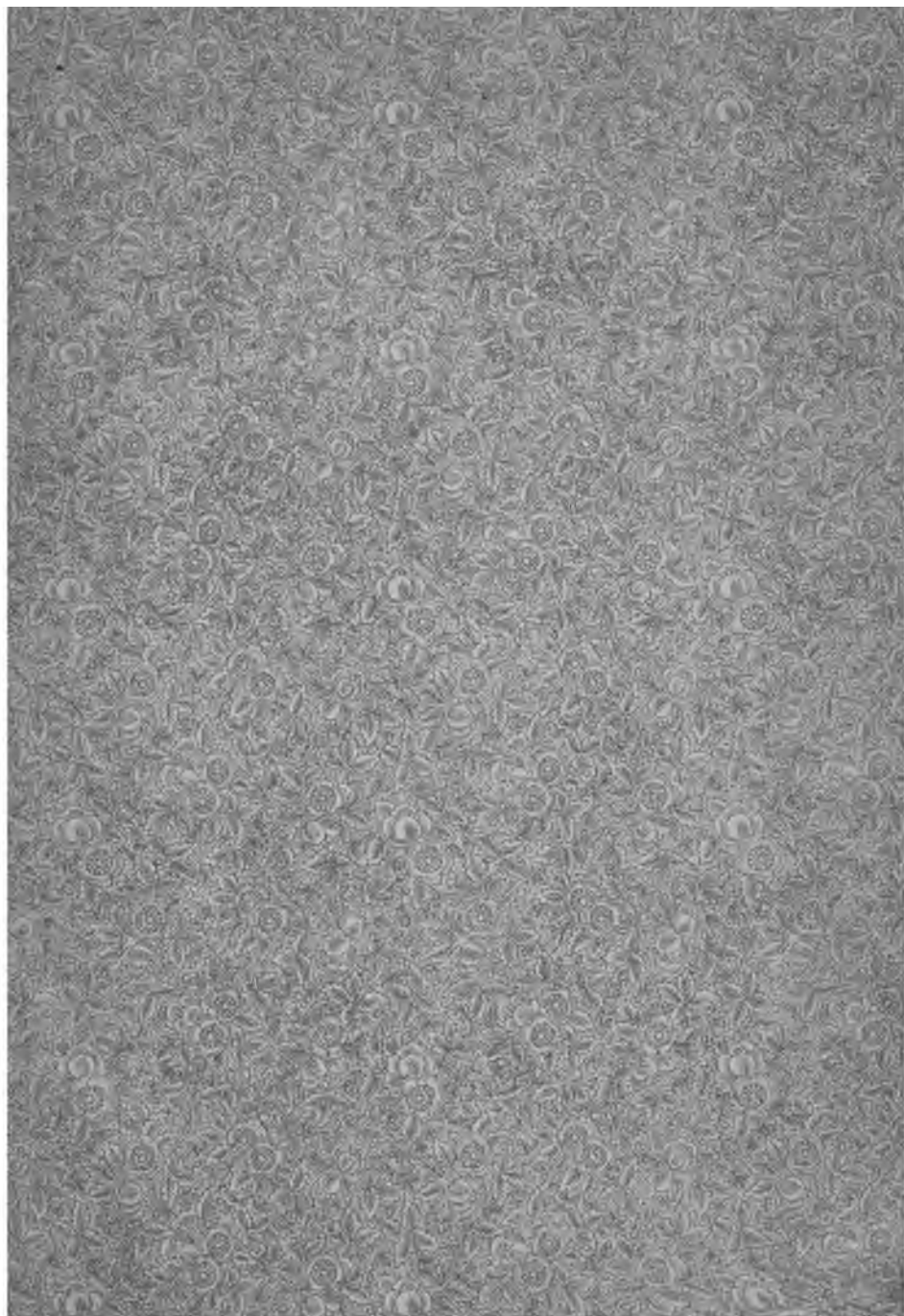
Compliments of  
Joseph Wright Poole

Presented by Mrs. Barnes  
to Stanford University  
Library -

1893.









1775

Mrs. M. S. Barnes.

Compliments of  
Joseph Wright Pope.

Presented by Mrs. Barnes  
to Stanford University  
Library -

1893.

1. 1. 1.

1. 1. 1.

1. 1. 1.





JOSEPH WRIGHT COOPER.

A  
PASTORAL PRINCE

---

THE HISTORY AND REMINISCENCES  
OF  
J. W. COOPER

---

BY FRANK SANDS

---

SANTA BARBARA, CAL.  
1893



A15477

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1893,

BY FRANK SANDS,

In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.



## PREFACE



This little volume is sent out into the world—already overburdened with books—not as an aspirant for literary honors, but simply as the unpretentious record of a plain business man, who came to California in 1850, assisted in driving the first band of sheep across the plains from the Missouri River in 1851, had his full experience as a miner and teamster in the northern portion of our State, and in 1863 settled in the upper part of Santa Barbara County, where he engaged in the business of sheep-raising.

At that time there was no American family in the Lompoc Valley, nor, indeed, within a large radius around. The place was the abode of various species of wild animals, which made incessant warfare on the flocks.

Our friend has lived to see the wilderness changed to well-cultivated farms, supporting a thrifty, contented, and well-educated population. Splendid orchards have replaced the wild growths of timber and chapparel until the Lompoc Valley may well be called the garden spot of Santa Barbara County.

FRANK SANDS.

SANTA BARBARA, CAL., July 1, 1893.



# CONTENTS

—•••—  
**PREFACE.**

**INTRODUCTION.**

**CHAPTER I:**

Youth of Mr. Cooper—The family migrates to Missouri—Death of the father—Financial ruin—Working for twenty cents per day—Hard times—Labor and produce command very low prices—Examples—Life was a struggle..pages 1-5.

**CHAPTER II:**

Discontent—Cooper gets the "California fever"—Decides to emigrate to the "Golden West"—The start—Saw but few buffaloes and Indians on the way—Reasons for this—Approach of a band of buffaloes heralded by wolves—Extinction of the animals necessary in order to subdue the Indians—Eternal progress the law of the universe—Cooper arrives in Sacramento—He takes a walk—Gamblers on a lark—"Say, boy, don't you wish you were at home with mother?"—Reminiscences of desperadoes—Stories of blood and violence—"Planting a thafe"—Cooper gets a job—His first earnings—Meets Martin E. Oldham—An exciting episode over a thieving negro—A riot narrowly averted..pages 5-20.

**CHAPTER III:**

Tremendous volume of business transacted at Stockton in the early fifties—Facts relative to Stockton—Gold-dust in the sweepings of the floors—Able men in Stockton—David S. Terry—John Tabor kills the father of the infamous Josie Mansfield—The El Dorado Saloon Alvin Fisher, the veteran stage owner—An awful tragedy—Horse-racing—A slick jockey—Bear and bull fighting—A brutal sport—Stories of encounters—A tragedy..pages 21-35.

**CHAPTER IV:**

Mining experiences—Working against luck—A murder—The court fails and Judge Lynch takes the matter in hand—Severe examples necessary—The "Sydney Coves"—They made the "Vigilantes" a necessity—Their origin and deeds—What

a writer of the times said — Cooper and his friends have an experience with them—“Licking” hell out of one of them—The man who came to “lick” Jim Lowry—What followed — Anecdote of Jim—A little romance..pages 36-44.

#### CHAPTER V:

Cooper and David Pipes go to San Francisco—Origin of the city—Its early name—Discovery of gold—How the tidings were received — Remarkable influx of people from all over the world—Graphic pictures by writers of the times—There were no homes in San Francisco in 1851 — Few men followed the business or profession to which they had been bred —An era of topsy-turvy — The Golden Age for laboring men —Enormous wages—Cost of living — Tremendous prices obtained from rents—The flow of gold—No city ever had such a circulation of the precious metal as did San Francisco in those early years—Prevalence of gambling—Excerpts from writers of the times — Games in vogue— Money flowed like water — The Vigilants — Outputs of the mines — Commerce of San Francisco at the times under consideration..pages 45-54.

#### CHAPTER VI:

Cooper and his friend embark for Panama — Nearly everyone seasick—Arrival at Panama—Embark on Steamer “Prometheus” for New York — Arrival in Missouri — Cooper resolves to return to California—Engages to help drive the first band of sheep from the Missouri river across the plains —The start — The journey both tedious and slow — Cooper and others leave the train and start for Salt Lake City—Terrible suffering from thirst — Arrival at Salt Lake City—Alarming reports of Indian aggressions — Different parties join forces for mutual protection — Cooper elected captain of the train — An alarm and a narrow escape from the Indians — A very disagreeable fellow traveler — Exciting episode — A bully’s backdown — The party divides — Cooper arrives at Diamond Springs, Placer county..pages 55-62.

#### CHAPTER VII:

Mining for gold — Cooper has an unpleasant experience — A stage ride with the famous Col. Jack Hays — Cooper engages in teaming — He shows the teamsters at San Antonio

## CONTENTS.

## IX

Creek "How to do it"—An exciting crossing—Great good luck—How enterprises paid..pages 68-70.

### CHAPTER VIII:

Pages of History—The people went to California for gold—Erroneous ideas as to the ease with which gold was to be obtained—All men naturally lazy—Richness of the mines—Average earnings of miners—A bright and a shady side to everything—Mining for gold was hard work—Not a romantic calling at all—The story of Joaquin Murieta and his gang of desperadoes—Cooper narrowly escapes falling into their clutches—Deaths of the outlaws—A ghastly exhibition..pages 71-76.

### CHAPTER IX:

Cooper continues the freighting business—A fire—Close call from typhoid-pneumonia—A reminiscence—Cooper starts for Missouri—The horrors at Aspinwall—Fever-stricken—Embarks for New Orleans—A sad story—A stormy argument with a steamboat captain—Missourians to the front—Arrives at his home—Buys a tract of land—The Mormon troubles—A pusillanimous government—Tremendous preparations, but no actions—A miserable fiasco—Great wagon trains—A magnanimous act—Cooper meets Hubbard Hollister—Joins him in his venture—Buying sheep..pages 77-90.

### CHAPTER X:

Another start for California—A great undertaking—Border Ruffians—An episode of the times—Mexican horse-thieves—A fight in the dark—Difficulties of the expedition increase—In the Apache country—An Indian feast and pow-wow—Seeking horses and provisions—No serious trouble—Decrease of the flocks—Shearing-time—Seining streams—Peon boys desert—Crossing the desert—Sufferings from thirst—Arrival at Fort Yuma—The train enters California..pages 91-108.

### CHAPTER XI:

Retrospective—Arrival at San Luis Rey—George P. Tebbetts—An awful experience with marsh gas—Burros that looked like devils—Arrival at San Gabriel—Wolves cause great trouble and loss to the flocks—Mention of Colonel Peters—Division of the flocks—Move to San Fernando

Valley—Cooper and Col. W. W. Hollister meet—An eloquent testimonial — Cooper makes his old home a visit in 1863 — Return to California..pages 104-111.

#### CHAPTER XII:

Drouth in Southern California — Bad outlook — Feed very scarce — A change absolutely necessary — Cooper visits Santa Barbara County and leases the Lompoc rancho—Splendid feed in abundance—Grand prospects—Removal to Lompoc on May 8, 1868—Purchase of the ranchos Lompoc and Mission Vieja de la Purissima — Real estate transactions — The great rainfall of 1861-62 followed by a terrible drouth—Disastrous losses all over the State — The cattle industry in Santa Barbara nearly ruined — Losses to Cooper, the Hollisters and the Dibbles..pages 112-121.

#### CHAPTER XIII:

An atrocious and most brutal murder in Lompoc Valley — Lassoing and stabbing a man to death — Wild animals in Lompoc Valley — A hunter's paradise—Encounters with bears — The Indian Julian fires at Bruin with great results — Poisoning bears — "Enough bear, and going back to Buffalo"—Dutch John unwillingly entertains a thirsty visitor—George H. Long examines a bear's cubs—The bear examines Long—Cooper and a couple of Indian boys have an exciting adventure in the San Miguelito cañon — Hubbard Hollister tries a dog that will "tackle any bear that wears hair on its back"—Hubbard's disgust — California lions or pumas — Coyotes — Stories of their cunning — Rattlesnakes — Great abundance..pages 122-138.

#### CHAPTER XIV:

Another retrospective view—Prosperous years—Santa Barbara County ranges—Points on sheep-raising—Shearing and marking the flocks — The shepherd dog — He is not a profit but a nuisance..pages 139-145.

#### CHAPTER XV:

Mr. Cooper negotiates the purchase of Santa Rosa rancho — Entertaining dialogues — Facts relative to the fine property — Great succession of crops — Wonderful depth of soil — Improvements. pages 147-153.

CHAPTER XVI:

Mr. Cooper takes to himself a wife—His happy home and life—Death of Hubbard Hollister—Estimate of the man—Termination of the partnership—Discrimination against sheep-raisers—The "Trespass Act" or "No Fence Law"—How the law worked—1877 another "dry year"—Decreasing the flocks—Prosperity—Mr. Cooper moves to Santa Barbara—A beautiful home—Mr. Cooper's children..pages 154-162.

CHAPTER XVII:

Character sketch of Joseph Wright Cooper—His gift of repartee—His politics—A firm believer in the gospel of protection—Some of his views..pages 163-168.

CHAPTER XVIII:

The partners and intimate friends of Mr. Cooper—Martin E. Oldham—Col. Newton C. Peters—Nelson McMahon—The Hollister Brothers—The Dibblee Brothers—John Wilson—George H. Long—Mrs. Snelling..pages 169-190.

CONCLUSION.



"works", which, as was said of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, ought to have merit enough, if their interminable length be taken as the criterion. Unfortunately, however, a satisfactory history of California has not been produced. That it will yet come, I hope and earnestly believe.

At the present time, in Santa Barbara County and City, there are many of the old pioneers still with us. It would seem a shame that more of their records have not been given to the world. It is admitted that sketches of the more prominent men and events have been prepared, but we all crave more of the detail. It is the long series of little things, which begin with birth and end with death, that go to make up a life, and it is on them that judgment will be made, we trust. Heroic actions, prodigies of enterprise and skill, come only to the few, and to them but rarely. Recalling only such isolated facts do not furnish a full picture of the times in which they transpired, any more than if, in describing a chain of mountains, we write only of the nuggets of gold found in the crevices of the rocks. To thoroughly understand any epoch, we must study not only the leaders of the time but the great mass of common people, who furnished the little things of life.

There is scarcely a person in this part of the State who does not claim personal acquaintance with J. W. Cooper. He resides in our city, may be seen in the streets nearly every day, and is known by all for his honest, sturdy character, and eminent good sense. There is very little frippery or nonsense in the man's make-up. He is a strong, true, loyal friend, and a man who puts his shoulder to the wheel whenever the aid seems to be required. Pertinacity, pluck, indomitable will and a large percentage of "grit" are the leading features of his character. He is a very modest man, and it was not until repeated efforts had been made by more than one of his friends that he consented that the following record of his life be published.

This is the place. Stand still, my steed,  
Let me review the scene,  
And summon from the shadowy Past  
The forms that once have been.

—LONGFELLOW: *A Gleam of Sunshine*.

Historia, testis temporum, lux veritatis, vita  
Memoriæ, magistra vitæ, nuntia vetustatis.

—CICERO.



# A Pastoral Prince.

---

## CHAPTER I.

Joseph Wright Cooper was born on June 4, 1826, near Hopkinsville, Christian County, Kentucky. His father, John Cooper, was from the grand old state of Virginia, and his mother, born Elizabeth Wright, was of good Kentucky family.

In 1839, when young Cooper was thirteen years of age, his father decided to emigrate. So, with a number of slaves and other property, he moved to Howard County, Missouri. After a considerable journey, the family reached a desirable place, called Rocheport, in Boone County, where, on the Monitor River, 640 acres of fine land were purchased. Concerning this trip, an interesting story of "what might have been" is related. After crossing the Mississippi River, the party encamped on what is now a populous part of the City of St. Louis. While there, a gentleman met them and was so desirous of purchasing one of the slaves, a negro named Lewis, that he offered Mr. Cooper 160 acres of the land on which they were then camping in exchange for the slave. The offer was declined, but we cannot refrain from wondering how much that tract of land would be worth if it had been purchased and held by the family

until now. It would command a fabulous sum, beyond doubt. Probably fully fifty million dollars would be required to match its value.

The land at Rocheport having been secured, it was soon brought to a high state of cultivation, and the business of farming and stockraising on a large scale prosecuted. This was the years 1839-40, and the affairs of the family were in a heyday of success. But trouble, in the course of time, comes to all, and it came to John Cooper.

In 1846, times were very hard and ill fortune followed ill fortune in quick succession until the good man, in dire financial distress, died of a broken heart, leaving his family without means of support. On winding up the estate the administrator found there was actually nothing left.

As was said, times were very hard in those years and crops were sold for a mere song. At the present time we have no adequate conception of how hard was the struggle at that period for a mere existence. Every kind of produce had to be sold at ruinous rates; nice fat turkeys, dressed and carried to market, only brought twenty cents each; fine spring chickens were sold at thirty-seven and one-half cents per dozen; tobacco was only worth from three-fourths of a cent to two and one-half cents a pound; the corn crop, capable of shelling out fifty bushels to each acre, was sold at \$1.37½ per acre. Articles such as we now consider necessities were looked upon as luxuries in those days. The list would include sugar, molasses, coffee, cotton cloth and calico. Such

goods were then sold for at least three times the price at which they are now retailed.

To make things worse, labor brought very low prices. Then, as now, low prices for goods meant low prices for labor, and when such a condition of affairs exist, everyone is poor. Men worked from sunrise to sunset, and performed fully double the labor that is now required as a day's work. Mr. Cooper says: "My father hired men to swing a cradle in heavy grain, day after day, at eight dollars per month. That was before the age of mechanical invention, by which the heaviest portion of the work is done by machinery. Father hired men to clear up heavily-timbered land at five dollars per acre. School teachers were paid fifteen dollars per month and 'boarded around.' The boys and girls attended the county school where the building and furniture combined did not cost one hundred dollars. The seats were made of hewn logs—rather hard to sit upon and quite different from the easy chairs found in the school-rooms of today. All of our clothing was home-made. Flax was grown, spun and woven for summer wear; and wool was carded, spun and woven for our winter garments. All of the flour and breadstuffs used were ground at a 'sweep mill,' capable of grinding only about a dozen bushels of grain per day."

Young Cooper, then, found himself without any money or income whatever, with which to support himself, three sisters and a niece. He had a brother, who had just graduated from a medical school, but was not yet in practice. Doctors in that part of the world, in those days, were not the "pampered darlings of fortune" as

we know them now, when a visit calls down a shower of gold. They had to give some return for their fees, and often—very often—were compelled to accept various commodities as payment in lieu of money. The young doctor looked long at the situation, took in all its details and finally said :

“Joe, the future looks dreary. I’ve got this medical education, it is true, but at the present time it is a hindrance, instead of an assistance, to us. It has cost too much money to allow me to throw it away, and yet it is of no account at this moment in aiding you to earn money to support the sisters. But I will do all I can.”

“Never mind,” said Joe, “we will not despair. We will do our best, and that is all anyone can do.”

He was full of courage, and immediately began to take action. This characteristic has clung to the man all through his life. He set about finding work, and went to Mr. Kelley Wright, an old friend of the family. Mr. Wright had purchased a part of the standing crops on the father’s place, and when young Cooper appeared, he said :

“Joe, do you wish to work ?”

“Yes,” was answered, “I’ve got to earn something in some way, for we must make a living. There is nothing left for us.”

“Well,” said Mr. Wright, “I can get a stronger man than you for fifteen cents a day; as you have had pretty hard luck, I will give you twenty cents a day, but you must sleep and get breakfast and supper at home.”

So the young fellow buckled down to work with a will,



and at a price per day that was less than is now paid per hour on our city streets. There was no eight hour ordinance in existence then. From sunrise to sunset constituted a day's work.

During the next three years the young man worked along as best he could. He hired land and tried farming on a small scale. He raised hogs, taking care to get the finest breed. It was during this period that he saw his first piece of gold, and it happened in this way: By selling a hog at a fancy price he received the sum of \$12.50, and among the coins was a five dollar gold piece. However, boy-like, after feasting his eyes on the beautiful coin for awhile, he had the whole sum changed to picayunes—a small coin of the value of six and one-quarter cents—and then, going to an old elm log, he spread out the money in a long continuous row, where, as he has often confessed, it looked a bigger sum than he ever saw before or since.

Later on, he sold more of his hogs, though the prices were far from being fancy. Twenty-three fine large animals, driven four miles to market, realized only \$71.00. (It may be of interest to remark that the purchaser in the last transaction was old Bill Carson, brother of the famous Kit Carson, so celebrated for his deeds of daring in border warfare and as an Indian scout.)

## CHAPTER II.

As young Cooper, chilled to the marrow by cold, plodded along his way home, after the transaction recorded in the last chapter, this thought kept continually arising in his mind: "There *must* be a place where the weather is less severe, where money is more plentiful and easier to get, and life is not so hard to endure." Naturally dreams of that new El Dorado, California, would haunt him, and, before he reached his home, he had a well-developed attack of "California fever."

Our glorious commonwealth was then a *terra incognita* to the world—even to its own inhabitants, very few of whom had much of an idea even of its contour, to say the most. It is true many Americans had already been tempted to its shores, and had sent home glowing accounts of its genial climate. Its capacity as a stockraising and agricultural land was also becoming known in a limited way. This, of course, applies to the upper part of the state. Then came, in January, 1848, the news of the great discoveries of gold, followed by the mad rush of people from all over the world. All these facts were known even in the isolated part of the world where young Cooper was grubbing along for a bare living. Men from his own neighborhood had set out and joined hands in the new life on the Pacific Coast.

Arriving at his home, young Cooper ate his frugal supper, and, in the evening, told his sister Bessie of what he had in mind. This sister acted as his housekeeper

and was naturally surprised at the idea, but she made no objections. The subject was discussed thoroughly and resulted, shortly after, in the sister going to Cooper County, near the neighborhood where her brother, the young physician, was making some headway in the practice of his profession.

So, in April, 1850, Mr. Cooper, in company with his brother-in-law, John Pipes, and a number of young men, began their journey to the Golden West. It was a congenial party of good men, and was kept intact until the Sierra Nevada Mountains had been passed. At that point, Mr. Cooper left his companions and went on ahead, arriving in Sacramento on August 26, 1850.

In crossing the plains this year our friends saw few or no Indians. At first thought this may seem strange, but a little reflection will show a reason. The enormous number of people who crossed the continent in 1849-50 was a great surprise to the aborigines, who did not know what to make of such remarkable trains of pale faces. It is true, in past years they had seen straggling bands of hunters and trappers, but here were processions of wagons and troops of men that in number seemed interminable. The Indians hardly knew what to make of this, so did nothing, but kept away from the great avenues of travel and—waited. Even the buffaloes had turned aside, and, on the overland trip in 1850, our travelers saw only three of the big, shaggy animals.

All of this was changed when Cooper crossed the plains in 1851, and again in 1858. In those years there were literally millions of buffaloes. As far as the eyes could

reach, for days at a time, the great plains were covered with the animals feeding or moving in columns of irresistible force. Sometimes the trains would halt and all engage in a hunt. The men would start out and kill as many of the finest buffaloes as they could approach easily, the carcasses of which were hauled to camp and the meat cut up and dried. The flesh was sweet, of good flavor, and served to lengthen out the food supplies to quite an appreciable extent.

The approach of a herd of buffaloes was always heralded by gangs of wolves, who went on ahead, beside and behind the great procession of cattle. The fierce and voracious little animals would often kill the old or wounded buffaloes, and were even known to open the graves and devour the remains of luckless emigrants who entered the great plains only to find death and a nameless grave.

Fremont affirmed that up to 1836, a person traveling between the Rocky Mountains and the Missouri River never lost sight of the buffaloes. In 1867 it was estimated that the buffaloes outnumbered all the domestic animals in the United States. But, as time went on and travel increased, their number grew steadily less. Every emigrant was ambitious to kill at least one buffalo, and so the entire route, between the two points named, became a sort of Golgotha, a lane of whitened skulls perforated with bullets. Now the animals are exterminated—absolutely wiped from the face of the earth.

To certain men and women of a sentimental turn of mind the extinction of the buffalo is a deplorable fact,

but I cannot entirely agree with such people. The buffalo lived his allotted span, served the purpose for which he was created, and the time had arrived at which he must give way to another dispensation. Eternal progress is the law of the Universe. Nothing is at a standstill. The great course of creative power goes on and on. Families and species of creatures live, perform their functions and die—never to be reproduced. Even the crust of earth on which we live is constantly changing its contour. The people have changed, are changing and will change—but whether for the better or worse I am not yet positively sure.

The aboriginal tribes stood in the way of civilization, and had to be removed. The first step toward this was the extinction of the buffaloes, who furnished the Indians with food, clothing, covering for lodges and barter with the pale faces.

Arrived in Sacramento, all was new to the young man, and he went about the place with open mouth and eyes, staring at everything. On one of his rambles he first saw the "thimble game" worked. He had no money, so he could not lose any. He could only look on and watch the others as they came up and dropped their hard-earned "dust." While engaged in this pleasant occupation a tall, well-built miner came along and prepared to stake his big pouch of gold-dust on the game. Our young friend disliked to see the man lose his money on such a sure-thing swindle, so he edged along and finally plucked him by the arm and remarked: "I wouldn't

wager anything on such a game, my friend, you will surely lose your money."

The miner looked darkly at the young man for a moment and then curtly said: "Mind your own business and leave me alone."

The pouch of gold-dust was then staked and, of course, lost. The miner looked dazed for a minute, but went off without a word.

Gambling was practiced by nearly everyone in California in those days, and was one of the greatest curses of the times. The vice had been growing in popular favor for a number of years until it became one of the characteristics of the Coast. The reckless miners would work like beavers in the mines, accumulate a good-sized pouch of gold-dust, and then hurry to San Francisco, Sacramento, or Stockton, and perhaps spend in a single night money that had cost them weeks or months to accumulate. Great gaming and drinking saloons abounded everywhere in the large towns, and got a very large percentage of the miners' wealth. Stringent resolutions were once passed by the City Council of San Francisco regarding the evil, but at the following meeting the same council rescinded them, and gaming went on with increased zest. Speaking of this matter, one of the writers of the times said: "If those resolutions had been in force a short time when the gold discoveries had enriched the many thousands, the town might have become wealthy in a single night."

After remaining in Sacramento for perhaps a week, young Cooper and a Missourian, named John B. Hill,

started to go to Stockton, where a brother-in-law of the latter, named George Litchlyter, was engaged in business as a blacksmith. Money was very scarce with the men, and they decided to buy a quantity of food and take it along for their meals, instead of trusting to the boarding houses on the way. So, a quantity of bread and bologna sausage was obtained, and they set out on their long walk. Their stomachs, for some reason, rebelled at the food and, after the first lunch, it was buried under a log, and, during the remainder of the trip, they put out their money in regular meals. Stockton was reached after a weary tramp of three days, and the men were well received by their friend.

The next day the young men went out to see the sights and take a walk. As they went along "gawping at everything," to use Cooper's own words, suddenly they heard a commotion just ahead, and in a moment there appeared eight horsemen riding abreast in a cloud of dust. They were gamblers out on a lark. The men rode along at full speed, discharging their pistols in the air and hallooing lustily all the while. On they went like a whirlwind, until, coming to a saloon a short distance away, they suddenly drew rein and, ducking their heads, three of the men rode directly through the door into the saloon, where they amused themselves by shooting the necks off the bottles on the shelves.

"Say, boy, don't you wish you were home with mother?" said Cooper to his companion.

During Mr. Cooper's stay in and about Stockton in 1850, he knew by sight fifteen or twenty of the most



noted gamblers. This was the extent of his acquaintance with the men, as he always aimed to steer clear of such fellows. Among the number was the lot just mentioned as having ridden into the saloon and shot off the tops of the bottles. The list included, also, such men as the three Owen brothers, the three McNabs, also brothers, Dave Humphrey, Bill Turner, Jim Taylor, and a lot of others. They were all desperadoes who gambled, shot men, drank, caroused, and raised the devil generally. The least provocation would bring a shot on the instant from such men. Often the provocation was far more fanciful than real. Decent men had no business with them in any sense.

Mr. Cooper saw Bill Turner shoot in the back and kill Jim Taylor, while the latter stood with one foot on the box, having his boots blacked. This murder was most cowardly and cold-blooded. The perpetrator was arrested, but on trial was acquitted, owing to the skill of Col. Baker, who defended him.

At another time, Mr. Cooper saw Bill Rainey, a Texan, shoot and kill a man by name of Mazingo in a fandango house, without the least cause. Rainey was arrested and brought into Judge Ware's court to stand preliminary examination, where he sat with a brace of six-shooters and a big bowie knife on his knees in sight of everybody. This man was also acquitted, and, in a little while, moved to the town of Sonora, where, in company with a disreputable woman, he opened a fandango house. Rainey dealt out the tangle-foot whiskey, and the woman attended to the dancing and the women.

One night some strangers stepped to the bar, and one of them called for refreshments. After drinking, the man threw down what he supposed was sufficient money to pay the bill.

"That's not money enough to settle the score," said Rainey.

"But it is all the money I have," replied the stranger.

Rainey reached over the counter, and beat the man over the head with his revolver.

"That's all right" said the victim. "You shall have your pay," and walked off.

In about fifteen minutes, *bang!* went the report of a gun, and a bullet crashed through the window into and through Rainey's brain, and thence into a Dutchman's head, killing both men instantly. Some regrets were expressed for the Dutchman's fate, for he was merely a looker-on, who happened to be standing just in line of the bullet. But there was not much effort made to discover the man who fired the shot.

Early in the fifties, a small-sized, weakly-looking man was passing from one part of the mines to another with his blankets on his back. Coming to a saloon—a sort of deadfall, by the way—he entered and threw down his blankets. In the place was a brutish sort of a man, who bullied unmercifully every man who seemed to be physically his inferior.

Being tired, dusty and thirsty, the little man went to the bar, and asked for a drink of whisky. The bottle and a glass were set out, and the man poured out his drink and was just in the act of lifting the glass to his

lips, when the bully reached over, snatched the tumbler and drank its contents himself.

The little man (apparently) took no notice of the act but, looking at the big brute, said very sweetly, "Won't you take a drink with me, sir?" "Why, yes, thank you, I will," replied the man, and the glasses were set out and each took his nip.

The stranger threw down the money for three drinks—two for the bully and one for himself—and, while the bar-keeper was making change, stepped back and coolly shot the bully dead.

"Why, if that fellow had been let alone he would have hurt somebody," remarked the little fellow as he picked up his blanket, and walked away, adding *sotto voce* "but he won't hurt anybody now."

On one occasion, Mr. Cooper was walking along the road in Calaveras County, and saw an Irishman digging a long narrow hole in the ground.

"Why, what in the world are you doing?" asked Cooper.

"Be jabbers," said Pat, "I am digging a hole to plant a thafe in."

It was the truth. A fellow had been caught stealing. The men had hung him, and now Pat was digging his grave.

While standing in the street in Stockton, in 1852-53 a friend came running to Cooper and said, "Come quick, Joe, and see some fun!" Cooper went along with his friend and saw a man with a drawn revolver in his hand, in chase after another who was fleeing for his life. It

was not a pleasant sight to Cooper, so he turned away and did not witness the finale, which was a murder. The men had had an altercation over cards and the incident, which ended in murder, followed as I have related.

One night, the old Eldorado saloon in Stockton was full of people. Suddenly a negro peered in and with no warning discharged his gun into the crowd and ran. Strange to say, no one was injured and nobody ever knew why the man acted as he did. He was afterwards captured and hung.

A life of idleness was one thing that Cooper's whole soul rebelled against. Loafing was not one of his characteristics and he was uncomfortable and discontented unless at work. He had not come to California to fritter away and waste his time. He came to work and to earn money that he might have something to send home to aid his sisters. So, after remaining idle a few days, during which time he saw whatever of interest there was in the town, he said to his friends:

"Boys, I am going to see if I can't find something to do by which I can earn a little money."

"O, no," said Hill, "there is no hurry. Let's rest a little longer and wait for something to turn up."

But waiting for "something to turn up" was not in Cooper's line, and waiting any longer he did not propose to do. He knew how to drive an ox-team as well as most men and he decided to try and get a job at the business as soon as possible. Out into the street, therefore, he went and asked each person he met the same question:

"Say, do you know of anyone who would like to hire a man to drive a team?" Quite a number of people shook their heads and said "No," but finally he met a man who said that he did not wish to hire a teamster, but he would like to hire a man to drive a team on shares. "I guess I am your man," said Cooper.

The team spoken of was made up of three yokes of oxen, the wheelers being of the Spanish breed—wild, yellow fellows, vicious and unruly. "Don't you get between those oxen," said the owner to Cooper, "for if you do, they will certainly kill you in a jiffy. And don't you unyoke them, for in that case they will run away, and that's the last you will ever see of them."

"Never you fear, my friend," was answered, "I would like to see the team of oxen that I can't handle, or that can get away from me."

There was a lot of foreigners—nine nationalities were represented—who desired to go to a place on the Stanislaus River, known as Jackass Gulch. A bargain was soon made for Cooper to take them there, and, early the next morning, the start was made. After traveling a day and a half the destination was reached, the men paid their fare, and Cooper began to look up some kind of freight to take back. As good luck would have it, a similar party of men were there waiting for some kind of a conveyance to Stockton, and Cooper was asked to undertake this job. He consented, and, a price being agreed upon, he had the men pack their baggage on the wagon that night, so as to have an early start the following morning. But unfortunately, during the night, the

oxen strayed away, and he had to travel over four miles to capture them, so it was late before the homeward trip began. No incident of importance marked the journey, and Cooper and his passengers arrived in Stockton after dark the second day. After collecting his money for the trip, he found he had over four hundred dollars in his pockets, one-half of which belonged to the owner of the team, and the other half to himself. Late as it was, he determined to turn in his team and the money to the owner that night. After considerable trouble, the man was awakened and came out, delighted with Cooper's success and honesty.

"Don't you want the team any more," he eagerly asked ?

"Oh, yes," was answered, "this is the best thing I ever struck. I will keep on with the work."

Cooper found his friend Hill asleep in a hay-stack, but a little effort awakened and brought him out, greedily asking, "Did you make anything, Joe?"

"Yes, yes, a pocketful of money," he answered, showing his wealth.

This little incident was of small importance in itself. It is introduced simply to show a strong trait in the man's character. While other men were irresolute and waiting for fortune, Cooper was very apt to strike out for himself, and by so doing added many a dollar to his wealth. While he was absent on this trip, his friend Hill had been loafing about and hadn't earned a single cent to show for his time.

On the next trip, made with the same team, Cooper

met with Martin E. Oldham, who was from Boone County, Missouri. In a later trip, he assisted him in hauling the first quartz mill that went into Mariposa County. It was taken to Agua Fria and there set in operation.

Forty years ago, the teamster and the stage-driver were important men in California—as in other parts of the world. All goods for the mines had to be transported by wagon, and the business was so great that the teamsters in numbers would have made a small army. Stockton, in those days, was a sort of center and distributing point, and from this fact the town profited in many ways.

Teamsters, about to take a lot of goods from the town to the mines, were in the habit of making up their loads during the latter part of the afternoon, driving into some feed yard and there leave the load, ready for an early start on the following morning.

During the two years previous to the times of which I am writing, many valuable packages of goods mysteriously disappeared and were not heard of again. This annoyance became so frequent that the loss amounted to a large sum and seriously interfered with the profits of freighting, for, of course, the teamster was responsible for every package entrusted to his care.

A wide-awake man named Jenkins was walking one evening about Stockton, and came to a tent on the slough, which he saw was occupied by a Portuguese negro. Something prompted the man to approach the tent and look in. He did so, and saw a great array of goods, when, quick as a flash, the thought came over him that the old

negro was the thief who had been pilfering from the loaded teams. Jenkins ran in, grabbed the old fellow and started with him down the street. As he walked on with his prisoner, suddenly he caught a gleam of light from the man's hand and realized that he had a knife. In a moment he tripped the fellow and secured possession of the dangerous weapon, the old thief yelling at the top of his voice. Cooper and his friend Oldham happened to be not far distant and, hearing the cries, ran up and asked the cause.

"This is the old cuss who has been stealing our goods," said Jenkins. "He had a knife and was on the point of cutting me, but by good luck I saw the weapon and wrenched it away. I have a great notion of killing the old rascal."

Cooper and Oldham joined Jenkins and took the negro down to a bridge, about three blocks away, where a big oak tree was standing at that time. In a few minutes a crowd of fully two hundred men—mostly teamsters—was gathered.

Suddenly some one cried: "The old sinner has stolen ten thousand dollars' worth of our goods! Let's hang him!"

The suggestion pleased the men and they went at the work with alacrity. They got a rope and strung the fellow up, when unexpectedly some one sprang up, and, cutting the rope, let the victim fall. The men were enraged at the act, and "*click, click, click,*" was heard on all sides, as dozens of revolvers were cocked. It was a terribly critical time, and a des-



perate affray seemed imminent. Had a single revolver, by any accident, happened to have been discharged, even into the air, blood would have flown and many a life have been lost. Fortunately nothing of the sort happened.

The men re-knotted the rope, and were about to hoist the negro aloft again, when Dr. Ashe, father of Porter Ashe, so well known in California today, made his appearance, jumped upon something so that he stood above the crowd, and said: "For God's sake, gentlemen, listen to me one single moment. I know this old fellow is a great thief, and beyond doubt deserves to be hung. But, because he is so old, it is far better to hand him over to the officers of the law, who will place him where he cannot steal any more. I know he deserves scant mercy from us, but let us not soil our hands with hanging so old a man!"

This little speech changed the men's minds and saved the old reprobate's neck. He was brought to trial and duly sentenced to the penitentiary.

Mr. Cooper says: "I never was among a more dangerous crowd of men or in a more critical situation in my life than when that person jumped up and cut the man down. Had a single pistol cracked, a general fusilade would have followed, and more than one person would have been hurt. Men made short work of a thief in those days."

After this, Cooper gave up the team he had been working on shares, and went to work for a man named George Hope, at a stated salary. He drove a team, doing a general freighting business.

### CHAPTER III.

In the early fifties, San Francisco, Sacramento and Stockton were the three most important cities in the northern part of California. The first named was the grand gateway, through which entered the tens of thousands of immigrants who flocked by sea to the State from all parts of the world. It has been estimated that the year 1849 saw 40,000 people land in San Francisco; the number in 1850 was 36,000; in 1851 there were reported 27,000; in 1852 nearly 67,000 arrived, and in 1853 there were 34,000 new-comers. In a following chapter, I have given an outline sketch of the city.

San Francisco and Stockton were typical cities of the years noted, and owed their importance to their location, which naturally made them grand centers and distributing points for the numerous mines and mineral regions.

While Stockton can hardly lay claim on our interest to the extent that San Francisco does, still it is undeniable that the city exerted a tremendous influence on the State in earlier years. It was a commercial city of much importance, and the amount of cash business transacted each day aggregated a sum that was simply enormous. There was a multitude of stores, and nearly every class of goods known was represented. The number of females of the better class in the city was rather small, yet those who were there demanded all the different grades of dry goods and millinery that their sisters of today ask for and—receive. There were few homes in

Stockton in those days and the greater part of the people lived in tents. What buildings then existed were mostly devoted to business or served as saloons and fandango houses.

Stockton was built on the old Weber grant, lying on a slough which empties into the San Joaquin River. The place lay just at the head of river navigation, and a number of vessels were constantly engaged in carrying freight and passengers between the city and San Francisco. Every pound of merchandise for Stockton came by water. Goods were constantly arriving, and as constantly being sold and sent up to the mines. Business was carried on with a rush, but there was little or no system. Great amounts in gold passed from one merchant to another, yet everything was conducted in a slipshod manner. Some of the merchants transacted tremendous volumes of business, and at such an apparent profit as would make glad even the heart of a plumber of today—yet but few of them made fortunes from their business.

Mr. Cooper speaks of the store of Biven & Beranco, situated on Center street, only a few doors distant from the El Dorado saloon. He made the place his headquarters, while he was in Stockton, and for a time was in the employ of the firm. He says: "Except during the rainy season, we used to sell ten thousand dollars' worth of goods a day for three days of the week—never less than six thousand. The balance of the week would run up the amounts so the totals would reach from thirty to fifty thousand dollars per week. Best of all, we

collected the cash. The circulating medium was principally gold-dust, and, in making payment or change, a little would often drop on the floor. Once a week the floors were swept up, and from the dirt we got gold to the value of from five to thirty-five dollars at each sweeping."

This firm, as may be understood from the above, did a tremendous volume of business—yet it got entangled financially and was finally compelled to suspend.

During this period Mr. Cooper became acquainted with Henry A. Crabb—a Tennessean, and an excellent lawyer—who headed a filibustering expedition of five score people to Sonora, Mexico, where all of the men were captured, and, except Biven, shot by the Mexicans. Crabb and Biven were brothers-in-law, having married the daughters of a Sonora gentlemen named Ainsey, by whose advice, it was said, the expedition was undertaken.

Stockton at this time was remarkable for the number of very able men who resided in her midst. Many of them afterwards became famous and were known far beyond the limits of their own city and county.

Among the number was David S. Terry, of the law firm of Perley & Terry. Mr. Cooper says: "To sit in a courtroom and hear Dave Terry conduct a case was as great a pleasure to me as it would be to sit in a theater and see such a man as Booth or Barrett in one of his famous rôles. It was music to hear the man talk. As a pleader, Terry was at his best. Let it be known that he was to speak, and there was sure to be an audience. When in the course of a trial which appealed to his

feelings, the man's face would become illumined, his eyes flash, and his voice show an emotion that was contagious. Very few men could stand his blazing eyes at such times."

Judge Terry's troubles, later in life, came very largely from his faithfulness to his friends. He was never known to "go back" on one of them. He was a man of peace, and often acted the peacemaker. In 1852, Mr. Cooper attended a horse race in Stockton. Tom Turk was interested in one of the winning horses. After the race, one of the disappointed owners came blustering around, abusing Turk—but not within his hearing. Terry was a stranger to the man but went up to him and said:

"My friend, don't talk that way. You don't know what you are doing. Mr. Turk is a peaceable man and as straight as a string, but if he heard what you have said about him in my hearing, he would shoot the top of your head off as quickly as he would the shell off a terrapin. You have called him a d——d scoundrel and a thief. Now take my advice and go away. I don't want to see an altercation. Turk wouldn't stand such talk, as you have made, from any living man, God or the devil."

The fellow took the advice and went away, on which Terry said: "I am very glad Turk didn't hear what that man said."

When Terry and his wife appeared in the streets, it made a picture one could not forget. Both were young, high-spirited, and beautiful as the day. They were the handsomest couple in Stockton. Mr. Cooper knew and

liked Judge Terry, and considered his death nothing less than a cowardly murder. He said:

"Terry was a brave man, and feared nothing. He was shot down by Nagle, who was a coward. I denounce any man who could do such an act. The idea of a young man shooting down like a dog an unarmed man of seventy! Why didn't he grapple with him, instead of committing the act of a poltroon. I do not entirely approve of every act of Judge Terry, but I know he was a brave, honest, true-hearted man. All of his troubles, that I know of, came from his standing true to his friends. I don't think Terry was ever rightly understood."

Repeated mention has been made of the El Dorado saloon. The place was, in plain words, a gambling hell of the first water. Every kind of game was played there, and tables, heaped up with great piles of money and gold-dust, were all around. It was a celebrated place and nearly everybody went there either to gamble or look on. It was run by John O'Neil, who, notwithstanding his business, was a very nice sort of man. He never did any gambling himself, but simply kept the place, and took a percentage from each game.

Outside the saloon, there was practically nothing going on to interest one, so it was the habit of nearly everybody to visit the place during the evenings. It was not necessary to suppose, because a person was in a gambling hell or a fandango house, that he was a participant. Indeed, a very large number of the habitués never indulged in any of these dissipations. They visited such places because it was lonely at camp, and there was

nothing better to do. The wonder is that anyone in California escaped being a drunkard or a dissipated and worthless man.

While in Stockton in the fifties, Mr. Cooper personally knew many of the people. He was acquainted with Dr. Ryer, who died lately, leaving great wealth, and over whose will a sharp legal contest was carried on. He knew Dr. Ireland, yet living, who was a witness in the Ryer will contest. Dr. Ireland was one of the men who went East with Mr. Cooper in the fall of 1855.

Dr. Langdon, Dr. Newcomb and Dr. Cowan were all acquaintances of Mr. Cooper. He was also on terms of intimacy with Dr. Shurtleff, who was appointed to take charge of the Insane Asylum in Stockton, and who lately has been himself adjudged insane.

Mr. Cooper was in the city when John Tabor killed Mansfield, father of the beautiful Josie Mansfield, on account of whom Ed. Stokes shot and killed Jim Fiske. Tabor and Mansfield were publishing newspapers in Stockton at the time, and the quarrel originated over a contract for the city printing. One of the men proposed to the other that but one bid for the work should be put in, and thus get a larger price, after which the proceeds were to be divided—the same thing has happened in Santa Barbara many times. The bid was made and accepted, but the party to whom it was awarded refused to live up to his part of the contract, and declined to divide. Newspaper articles of more or less acrimony followed and the result of all was that Tabor shot and killed Mansfield.

Mr. Cooper was acquainted with Judge Ware, before whom the desperado, Bill Rainey, was tried for the brutal murder of Mazingo, spoken of in a previous chapter. He was also acquainted with Judge Schaefer, Judge Cramer and lawyers Perley and Sam Booker.

John C. Edwards, ex-governor of Missouri, who came to California in 1849 with a good deal of money, and who erected many buildings and owned much property in Stockton, was another acquaintance of Mr. Cooper. Mr. Edwards became financially involved and finally lost all of his property, after which he went to the foothills, took up a claim and there died.

There was Sheriff Taylor, who came to the State with Stevenson's regiment; Wolf & Dallas, the liverymen; V. M. Peyton and W. B. Owens, the merchants. There were E. W. Colt, member of the banking firm of Newell & Co., and brother of the inventor of Colt's revolver, and Sperry & Baldwin, the first of the flouring-mill men. Cooper was also acquainted with Ruggles and Nudd. It is said that Ruggles was the father of the Ruggles brothers, lately hung in Redding by a mob.

Another man, whom Mr. Cooper knew and liked very much, was Alvin Fisher, who owned a stage line between Stockton and Mariposa. It is said this line was a veritable gold mine to its owner. The stage made daily trips, carrying sixteen passengers each way at sixteen dollars each person. This made five hundred and twelve dollars per day. No wonder the man grew rich. Fisher came from Maine, and, later on, sent for a younger brother, who duly arrived and acted at first as a book-



keeper, but afterwards was given a proprietary interest in the business. The elder brother took a fancy to a man by the name of Vance, who was at one time mayor of Stockton, elected largely by the influence of Alvin Fisher. Vance repaid his benefactor by destroying his family, and breaking his heart, from which he died, out of shame for the disgrace of his wife and daughter. After Alvin's death it is reported that the brother, whom he had given such a lift in the world, robbed the estate, and finally was himself killed while driving a pair of horses raised by his brother. He was backed upon a railroad track and run over by an incoming train. To many, this seemed a just retribution.

Mr. Cooper knew Weber, the owner of the grant on which Stockton is built; also Webster & Barstow, the former of whom lately committed suicide.

It was while Mr. Cooper was in Stockton, that the awful tragedy took place by which William H. Brown lost his life at the hands of a man named Boling. Brown was proprietor of the first express established in what was known as the "Southern Mines," a district which embraced Calaveras, Tuolumne and Mariposa counties. Mr. Brown was a young man of good habits, much liked and respected by the whole community. The murderer, Boling, was a trader in Mariposa, and, until just before the tragedy, was agent for Brown's express in that town. He started to go to San Francisco to purchase goods, and, on the way between Mariposa and Stockton, stopped at Chinese Camp, where he remained over night, with John Morong, agent for Brown's express at that place.

In order to catch the boat for San Francisco, Boling got up very early and started for Stockton, the point at which he was to embark. When agent Morong arose, some time later, the key to his safe, which he always placed beneath his pillow at night, was missing. At first the loss simply annoyed him, but later in the day, when people came to the office and clamored for their money in the safe, his suspicion that Boling had taken the key was aroused, and the safe was ordered broken open by a blacksmith. The situation was then clear at once. Boling had opened the safe, taking out gold-dust to the extent of fifteen hundred dollars, relocked the safe and gone off with both key and gold. Brown was immediately notified and caused Boling's arrest. Bail was secured, and the man, on regaining his liberty, sent word to Brown that, unless he quashed the action against him, he (Boling) would kill him. To this Brown paid no attention.

On the day of the murder, Brown was standing on what was known as the floating bridge, when Boling came up and shot him dead. The murderer jumped upon his horse, which was being held ready for the purpose, and rode away. As he went, he covered with his revolver anyone whom he thought likely to intercept his flight. He passed Mr. Cooper, who had met Calvin O'Neil leading a horse out of town to serve as a relay for the murderer. Boling mounted the fresh horse and rode on very rapidly for awhile, but afterwards slowed down to an easy jog. In his flight, he passed many of the teamsters, who, of course, knew nothing of the

murder. The officers started after the man and overtook him at Mariposa. He would not allow them to capture him, but, swallowing a dose of prussic acid, fell dead in their sight.

In those early days, Stockton people were very fond of horse racing, and had one of the first race tracks in the State. Once or twice a year there would be a "meet," and some extremely lively races would take place. Of course there were no trotting races. Everything was a dash or a running race. On such occasions, great crowds of people would assemble, just as we see today.

Living on the Calaveras, at this time, was a farmer named Wash Day, who owned a sorrel stallion with white face and legs. Farmer Day was very proud of his horse and was willing to wager any amount of money that he could "beat the world" as a runner. One fine morning, a man named Humphreys came along. He said he was from Ohio, and had assisted in driving a band of sheep across the plains. Humphreys pretended to be very hard up, and, in order to raise money, offered to sell a small bay mare, a scrubby little animal that most men would not have given twenty-five dollars for. But things are not always what they seem. Humphreys knew his mare and his offering to sell her was a mere bluff, for, pin him down to business, he would have refused ten thousand dollars for the homely little beast. The first move was to get acquainted with a well known sporting man named Tom Ireland, who then lived in Stockton. The two at once proceeded to arrange a neat little affair, by which the "talent" was to be "let down"

quite hard. Ireland arranged a race between Day's stallion and Humphreys' mare. The race came off and the mare won by a mere trifle.

The result of the race angered Day, and he started to arrange another match, wagering upon the result everything he had in the world—his ready money, farm and even his pet stallion. Before the horses started there was a little dispute as to position, or some minor point.

"Well, let it go," said Day. "I will win your money anyway."

"Y-a-a-s," said Humphreys, in his assumed nasal twang, "y-a-a-s, let it go, and in ten minutes I will own your darned old scrub of a horse and everything else you have in the world."

Humphreys was playing the people for all they were worth. He would walk around without any coat, a dirty handkerchief about his neck and a dilapidated plug hat tilted on one side of his head—giving the impression that he was but half-witted or very green.

The race came off and the earth seemed actually to fly from beneath the horses' feet. The mare came in the winner and poor foolish Day was a ruined man. After the above incident, Humphreys got up a deal with a man by the name of Dallas, of the firm of Wolf & Dallas, who was something of a sporting man. Humphreys took Dallas' horse to San Francisco, and made a match with a Spaniard for a large sum of money. Before the race, he managed to get Dallas' boy introduced to the Spaniard who hired him to ride his horse at the race. Of course the poor Spaniard, knowing nothing of the rascality, had

1

to stand by and see his horse beaten and his money lost. Humphreys returned to Stockton and by some of his peculiar methods managed, later on, to ruin Dallas. Humphreys was one of the most rascally horsemen ever seen in Stockton.

In those early days, what people lacked and felt the need of most was amusement. Men who worked hard required some species of relaxation to make less severe the tedium of steady work. Beyond doubt it is to this want more than to any other one thing that we must ascribe the lawlessness, the excesses and the lack of decorum in the years we are noting. To keep humanity within bounds, we must furnish amusement, entertainment and change. No people better understand this than the French.

The people of Stockton in the fifties had, perhaps semi-annually, horse-racing, and, every day and night of the year, the gambling hells and fandangoes. There is one more amusement to add to the list—the most exciting, if in many minds the most brutal. Now and then there would be a bear-and-bull fight.

Grizzly bear were very numerous all over California in those times, and men, from long practice, became extremely proficient in the use of the lariat or *la reata*. When it was decided to have such a fight, men, well mounted, and with their trusty lariats of raw-hide neatly coiled upon their saddle pommels, would sally forth on their search. Usually it was no lengthy space ere Bruin would be discovered. A lariat would whiz through the air, circle about his head and, dropping over his neck, be

hauled out. Another lariat from the opposite side would fall over the same place and yet another would probably be cast around his hind leg. The animal was thus completely within the toils and could be driven or led in any direction.

On the day of the fight, the bull and the bear would be driven to the grounds, where the contest was to take place. One end of a chain, fifteen or twenty feet long, was attached to one of the bear's hind legs, and the other end to one of the bull's fore legs. The two champions were then in position, facing each other, and ready for the combat. If neither of the animals made an attack upon the other, the men would prod them until they became enraged, and then the fight would immediately begin and continue until one or the other or both of the animals were overcome. The encounter was most exciting for, when once begun, there would be no "faking" on either side. It may be worth mentioning that the spectators' sympathies were invariably with the bull. If he showed particular strength or prowess, the air was rent with plaudits; but if the bear seemed to have the better of the fight, the people were silent. However, the latter phase happened only rarely. A bull was usually bruin's superior. At best, such an encounter, if exciting, was degrading and brutal sport.

At one of these fights a multitude of men, in order to have a particularly nice position from which to view the sport, climbed among the branches of a large oak tree in a field near-by. During the combat, the bear got pressed rather closely, and, noting the tree, ran to it and began to climb the trunk. He crept up until he had

dragged the bull's leg off the ground, when it seemed to the people in the tree as if the bear was coming up and would bring the bull with him. This was a denouement on which they had not calculated, and at once they began to jump off their perches to the ground by the score, looking for all the world like a flock of blackbirds shot from a tree.

There was an animal, well known as the "Ridley bull," who gained quite a notoriety as a bear-fighter. Mr. Cooper saw him fight on different occasions no less than six bears—successful in every encounter. This bull was well up in his business, and took no unnecessary chances. He would invariably await the attack, in which he would give the bear a brush on the snout, and then rush at him with his horns. Such a charge was usually very disastrous to the opponent.

On one occasion an old gentleman named Dunbar had a bear-and-bull fight. The morning following the combat, the bear was lying upon the ground near the grand stand, and the old gentleman said to his son: "Take the pole and prod him so that I can see how lame he is." The boy did as he was bidden, but bruin refused to get up. "Give me the pole. I will rouse him," said Dunbar, who thereupon gave the animal a savage prodding. The day before the chain which secured the bear had been broken and the links mended with raw hide. During the night the bear had gnawed the hide through and was practically free. This fact was unknown to Dunbar, who, as has been said, gave the bear a furious punching. The bear rose up and attacked

the man, toppling him over, bruising and mangling him in a terrible manner. So severe were his injuries that the man died the following evening. During his suffering he would first *pray* for a moment and then *curse*.

Instances could be related of such fights when the bear became loose during the combat and made for the spectators. A general scramble then took place, but no serious disaster has been recorded as following.

Mr. Cooper always had a very warm feeling in favor of Stockton. It was in that city that he gained his first dollar after coming to the state of California, and in truth paved the way for his becoming interested in the business which gave him his wealth. He had many warm friends in the city and vicinity, and even today he recalls them all with feelings of sincere affection.



## CHAPTER IV.

The business of teaming was continued until the approach of winter, when, much against his better judgment, Cooper allowed himself to be over-persuaded to give up his business and go into the mines, where "gold could be taken out by the bucketful."

With a number of others, he purchased an outfit and a stock of such goods as miners usually desired, the intention being to trade a little as well as to mine. For this purpose they purchased whiskey, syrups, cards and other articles in demand at such places. The party went to the second crossing of the Calaveras River, where the work of building a log house began. The men cut down the trees, and Cooper, in his capacity of teamster, hauled them to the desired spot. After this, the men began to put them in place, while Cooper took his team to Stockton, turned it over to its owner, settled accounts and then walked back to camp.

Now began an entirely new experience in the life of our young man. Mining for gold in California gives a smack of the romantic to readers, but I assure them there was very little romance in it. It is true the men were their own masters, subject to no one's orders, but at best the life of a gold miner is both hard and irksome.

The men immediately began "cradling," but luck was against them. For two months the gold panned out averaged only four bits per day (fifty cents), while it cost them six bits (seventy-five cents) to live. It was

then decided to try their luck a few miles away, at a different place, called San Andreas. Here fortune was rather more kindly, but none of her devotees got rich out of that camp.

It was while in the latter camp that young Cooper had his first opportunity of seeing the rude workings of justice in those days. An old Chileño had become involved in some trouble with a young Mexican. The affair seemingly had blown over—indeed most of the men had forgotten all about the whole matter. But it was not forgotten by the Chileño.

One day, while both men and a lot of the miners were in a saloon, the Mexican invited the crowd to step to the bar and drink. He turned to the Chileño and courteously said: "Will you not have something, too?" "Yes," was answered, "I will have something," and immediately ran up behind the young man and stabbed him to death.

The red-handed murderer was at once taken in hand by the miners present, who proposed, then and there, to mete out the penalty of the law for his offense, but the civil officers appearing, persuaded the men to hand the prisoner over to the proper authorities, and promised that he should be tried immediately and receive his just dues. This looked all right. The man was duly arraigned and the trial began. In some way the report got abroad that the prisoner had about twelve thousand dollars in gold in his possession, and for this it was likely that he would be allowed to escape. The miners had but little confidence in the

judge and determined that he should not set the murderer free nor allow him to evade the penalty of his crime. They delegated one of their number to attend the trial and carefully watch the proceedings. If there seemed any reasonable ground for suspecting that justice would not be done, the delegate was to give the men notice instantly.

The trial proceeded and it soon became evident, to the man watching the case, that all was not as it should be and that it was the intention of the Court to allow the prisoner to evade his just penalty. Word was at once sent to the camp, the alarm given and the men came running up in a hurry. They overpowered the officers of the court, got possession of the murderer and offered to turn him over to the Mexicans to be dealt with according to their custom. This the Mexicans refused, saying they wished the murderer executed according to the American way. No more time was wasted. An impromptu court was organized with "Judge Lynch" presiding. The prisoner was found guilty and sentenced to be hung. He was then pinioned, placed upon a horse and brought beneath a stately tree, from a limb of which dangled a noose, which having been adjusted about the man's neck, the horse was lashed into a run, leaving the murderer suspended in the air. Thus was justice meted out in those days—rather austere but necessary. The execution of such a red-handed murderer in this summary manner did more towards keeping the lawless people within bounds than all the enactments ever placed on the statute books.

During the years 1849, '50 and '51, San Francisco in

particular and all of the upper portion of the state of California in general was over-run by a class of desperate men known as the "Sydney Coves." They largely came from Van Diemen's Land and New South Wales, to which places they had been transported by ship loads from England on account of crimes committed. The field in California presented a very broad scope for their iniquitous work, and great numbers of ticket-of leave men and old convicts, who had served out their sentences, came to this State, and at once began to execute villanies and crimes that in magnitude and violent character greatly exceeded those for which they had been originally sentenced.

As a writer of the times has said: "Callous in conscience, they feared nothing but the gallows. But that they had little reason to dread in merciful, gentle, careless California, where prosecutors and witnesses were few, or too busy to attend the call of justice; where jurors, not knowing the law and eager to be at money-making again, were apt to take hasty charges from the bench as their sole rule of conduct; where judges, chosen by popular election, were either grossly ignorant of law, or too timid or careless, corrupt or incapable, to measure out the full punishment of crime; and where the laws themselves had not been methodically laid down, and the forms of procedure of legal tribunals digested into a plain unerring system. Those Sydney Coves, therefore, were comparatively safe in their attacks upon society and during 1849, 1850 and 1851 went on with their nefarious work unchecked, and reaped a great harvest."

These men hesitated at committing no crime, and

burglaries, midnight assaults, larcenies, incendiarism and murders were of hourly occurrence. The revolver, slung-shot and bowie knife were used whenever resistance was offered, and matters settled by them summarily, the perpetrators being left unmolested. It was largely from such men's actions that the demand for protection, by innocent citizens, became so loud that the Vigilance Committee was necessitated. Numbers of the "Coves" were hung and others driven from the country.

A little incident happened in 1850, when Mr. Cooper was in the mines on the Calaveras, which I introduce to show how these lawless men made themselves obnoxious to all law-abiding citizens.

One night a couple of hard-looking men arrived at the cabin occupied by Cooper and his party, and asked permission to come in and get warmed. The request was granted, and the men entered and sat down by the fire. They were suspicious-looking men, but did nothing that warranted more than close watching. In about twenty minutes, they got up, said they were warmed and would go.

Just afterwards, somebody called out "Help, boys! help, boys!" Cooper and his friends rushed out and found the cries came from a neighbor named Tom Agnew, a South Carolinian, and a very resolute man. They went over to where Agnew was engaged in a tussel with one of the very men who had just been in the cabin. The other fellow had run off.

"What's the matter, Tom?" was asked.

"Why, these fellows have been stealing from me. I've caught this one and want to tie him up to this tree."

"What do you propose to do with him?" was asked.

"I want first to tie him up to this tree, and then lick *hell* out of him. Help me."

In a jiffy the fellow was tied by the arms to the big pine tree, and Agnew, taking a bight of rope, began to lay it on with a will. As he struck, the fellow would dodge around the tree, showing perfectly well that "he had been there before." The men stopped his dodging and Agnew gave him as pretty a whipping as any thief ever had in his life, after which he was cut loose and, allowed to go free, the miners warning him to make himself scarce in those parts.

The men went into the cabin and while there, a few minutes afterwards, they heard a call: "Jim, Oh Jim!" It was the other rascal who had made his escape. They decided to catch him and give him the same dose of medicine they had given his mate. The call came from a hollow down which they began to scramble. When nearly within reach of the fellow, the leader of the party, a man by the name of Lester, saw the gleam of light cast by a star on some polished object. "Look out, boys," he called, "the fellow has a knife." He then said to the culprit, "throw down that knife, and get down on your belly, or I will put some cold lead through your head." The rascal did exactly as he was commanded and the men captured him. Sure enough he had a knife—a long double-edged, pointed weapon, the blade of which was over eight inches long. The fellow was quickly triced up

to a tree and the rope's end applied with assiduity until his captors were tired, after which he too was turned loose and ordered to "make tracks." Strange as it may seem, the fellow again called at the cabin during the night and asked to be let in so that he could warm himself. He was refused, but he stood about the chimney, built on the outer side of the wall, a good part of the night trying to keep warm, as was seen by his foot-prints the next morning.

During the winter of 1850, while Cooper was at the mines in San Andreas, there was a man in camp by name of Jim Lowry—a big, strapping fellow, with the form of a Hercules, and as incapable of fear, or of any base or cowardly act as he was of any ill-nature. He was one of those big, clever fellows that men like and feel comfortable with when they are around. Jim, however, had a temper of his own, and would not stand the least attempt at imposition on himself or any of his friends. He was a very determined man, and when once "riled" would sail in for all he was worth.

One day a stranger from another camp came in to where the men were at work, and, after a little, got into a quarrel with Jim, and used such insolent talk that the big fellow became highly incensed, and, taking hold of the stranger, gave him a thorough whipping and sent him away.

About two weeks afterwards, while Jim was absent, another stranger came along and asked to see "that man Lowry", who had whipped his friend.

Mr. Cooper and a man by name of Cain were the only

ones in camp, and when the stranger said he wanted to see if Lowry could whip him as he had whipped his friend, Cooper said :

"Now, my friend, I would not bother around here, if I were you. You will only get a fight on your hands, and Lowry will certainly whip you." "That is just what I want to see if he can do," said the man.

"Well," said Cooper, "your friend brought the fight on himself, and you would have done just what Lowry did, had you been in his place. Lowry is a good-natured man, but, if you insult him, he is a bad man to encounter. I would go away and let the matter drop. You don't want a fight with such a man."

"Yes, by G—d! That is *just* what I want and will have, if I can fall in with Lowry."

The fellow went off and Cooper and Cain decided they would not tell Lowry anything of the matter. But, for some reason, Cain thought better of his promise, and told Lowry the whole story.

Not many days after this, while Cooper was busy at work on his claim, he heard Lowry call out :

"Joe! Oh, Joe! Come here!" Cooper went over to where he was, and there saw a stranger standing by.

"Joe," said Lowry, "is this the fellow that said he was hunting me, and would whip me the first time he caught sight of me?"

"Yes," answered Cooper, advancing. "He does not deny it, does he?" at the same time putting on a very fierce look, and bluffing tremendously, but being in reality very much afraid.



The fellow looked from one man to the other as if to see which of them it would be safest to attack and attempt to whip. Apparently he decided on Lowry, for he looked at him defiantly, and acknowledged that he did say it. As he said this, Lowry let fly his fist and gave the man as thorough a "licking" as ever he had in his life. There was actually no fight in the fellow. After his drubbing he went off and sued Lowry, whom it cost about \$300.00 to settle the matter. It was rather an expensive brawl, even to the victor.

Lowry, as has been said, was a very peaceable, pleasant, companionable man, good-hearted and true, but he would not stand any nonsense from anyone. He had left a sweetheart in Missouri, and, in 1852, he decided to return home and marry her. With one companion and two or three pack mules, he started off to cross the plains. One night, while in camp in the neighborhood of the Humboldt River, the mules began to act strangely, and Lowry went out to see what was the matter. Not far away he saw a dark object, and was on his way to view it more closely, when *zip!* went an arrow through his arm. Jim didn't wait even to pull it out. He knew that it came from an Indian, and that was enough. He ran ahead, shot the skulking savage, and then, returning to camp, pulled out the arrow.

Jim arrived safely home, married the girl he loved, and lived happily and prosperously. Mr. Cooper had the pleasure of visiting him some years after. Lowry came from a very nice family, much respected in the part of Missouri in which they lived.

## CHAPTER V.

About the first of March, 1851, David Pipes, who had been administrator of the estate of Mr. Cooper's father, came into the camp to see the young man. That evening they had a long conversation, the result of which was that by sunrise of the next morning both men had decided to leave the mines and return to their homes in Missouri. This decision reached, Mr. Cooper at once proceeded to wind up his affairs, and set out forthwith for the East. He succeeded in obtaining a return of some of the money he had advanced in the undertaking, and with this the men started for San Francisco.

Before going further in our narration of Mr. Cooper's experiences, it has been deemed fitting that I here introduce an outline sketch of the remarkable city to which he and his friend had started, as related just now. We all know the city as she looks today. We are all familiar with her palatial hotels, business blocks and beautiful homes; we know of the enormous aggregate of business transacted within her limits each year; we read and admire her splendid newspapers—the Argonaut, the Call, the Chronicle, the Examiner and the Report—much doubting if any city in the land can show their superior; we recall the long list of men whose efforts have been so successful in making the city the great metropolis it is. Nearly everyone is familiar with these facts. But my sketch relates not to the San Francisco.

of today, but to the San Francisco of 1835-53. All are not familiar with that.

Originally called Yerba Buena, up to 1835 the town had neither name nor existence. In the year mentioned Captain W. A. Richardson erected the first house there and made it his residence. His business was the management of two small schooners—one belonging to the Mission of San Francisco, and the other to the Mission of Santa Clara. These vessels were employed in collecting hides, tallow and other products of the country from the various Missions and farms and putting them aboard the sea-going vessels in the bay.

In 1839 the English surveying ships "Sulphur" and "Starling" arrived, and in 1841 the first American war vessel, the sloop "San Luis," cast anchor in the bay. Afterwards came the "Vincennes" on a surveying expedition. In 1842 arrived the "Yorktown," the "Cyane" and the "Dale"—all of the American navy. The French sloop-of-war "Brilliant" followed soon after. From now on other vessels followed each other in ever-increasing frequency.

A few houses were built and the population gradually increased. In 1844 there were about a dozen houses, but by midsummer in 1846 the number had increased to over fifty with a population of two hundred and fifty. In July of that year, Captain Montgomery of the sloop-of-war "Portsmouth" hoisted the American flag in the plaza, and from that time on, the city grew steadily and rapidly.

As has been said, the place had been known as Yerba

Buena, but on January 30, 1847, an ordinance was enacted ordering that from that date, in all official correspondence, the town be known as San Francisco.

I shall not have space in which to speak of the troubles with Mexico and the final transfer, as the outcome of the war, of the whole domain of California to the United States. Suffice it to say that all was satisfactorily arranged, and soon after California took her place as one of the great Sisterhood of States.

During the winter of 1848, gold was discovered on the American River, a feeder of the Sacramento, at a place known as Sutter's Mill. The story has been told a great many times, and it is needless that I here more than refer to it. The news of the discovery spread with wonderful rapidity, and from all over the world the most remarkable immigration that modern history records began immediately.

When the tidings reached San Francisco, the town was practically abandoned, as far as American or European inhabitants were concerned. For what man was there not to be tempted to try his fortunes, when Governor Mason affirmed, "That all that was required to realize a fortune was a pick, a shovel, and a pan. That many had even picked the gold from the crevices of the rocks in pieces of from one to six ounces."

"Within a few days after the first discovery," said a writer of the period, "upward of twelve hundred people were on the spot working away with spades, shovels, knives, sticks, wooden bowls, cradles and all manner of implements, many of them of the rudest and most

primitive fashion, excavating, riddling and washing earth for the precious particles it contained. Over all California, the excitement was prodigious. Spanish, American, and foreigners were all alike affected. The husband left his wife, the father his family, the people tore themselves from the most pressing duties at home, men deserted their masters, and these followed their servants—all hurried to Sutter's Mill. Some withstood the temptation for a short time, but very soon nearly the whole male population of the country, unable to resist the evidences of their senses, when specimens of the newly found gold were exhibited before their dilated eyes, became suddenly infected with the maddened whirl of the "yellow fever"—the *auri sacra famis*—and rushed off at a tangent, helter-skelter to gather the riches (as Aladdin had plucked fruits of priceless value in his fairy garden) in the bowels of the earth, among the valleys of the Snowy mountains. Towns were depopulated; ships in harbor deserted; all kinds of business went to the dogs; the whole settled parts of the country were suddenly deprived of their inhabitants, or women and children alone formed the population, though even of these, many flocked to the *placers* and the *diggings* to see and be seen, to make money somehow and as surely spend it."

Of course this tremendous excitement had its effect on San Francisco—probably far more than on any other town in the country. I have already stated that in 1835 there was no city and no name for the place now occupied by the greatest city on the coast. I have shown


how the population, beginning with one family in that year, had grown to 250 in 1846. In June 1847, there were 459 people, of whom 321 were males and 138 were females. More than one-half of the total number were in the prime of life—between the ages of twenty and forty years. There were twelve between the ages of fifty and sixty, and two between the ages of sixty and seventy years. The white population numbered 247 males and 128 females; Indians 26; Sandwich Islanders 39; Negroes 9. Of the population, 228 were born in the United States, besides representatives from Canada, Chili, Denmark, England, France, Germany, Ireland, Malta, New Holland, New Zealand, Peru, Poland, Russia, Sandwich Islands, Scotland, Sweden, Switzerland, West Indies—truly as cosmopolitan a people as ever the sun shone upon.

After the discovery of gold, the crowds of immigrants were greater than ever, and of course San Francisco found a large number settled within her limits, and so became a city indeed. In 1849, it is stated that the population was fully 25,000, though it was continually changing. Immigrants were arriving and departing for the mines continually, and at the same time a constant stream of miners, who had been lucky, were arriving in the city to spend their gains, recruit their health, or follow some new pursuit there.

It must be remembered that San Francisco had no homes in the proper sense of the word at this time. Houses, even in the real meaning of the term, could hardly be found. Only the great gambling saloons, the

hotels, restaurants, and a few public buildings and stores made any pretention to elegance. The streets were muddy, crooked, uneven, and, in the dark, dangerous. Everyone who went out in the evening took a lantern—if one was to be had.

It has been said that "every immigrant who landed at San Francisco, became a new man in his own estimation, and was prepared to undertake anything or any piece of business whatsoever." Very few were following the business to which they had been bred. Doctors and dentists became draymen, barbers, or shoe-blacks; merchants became laborers and laborers became merchants; lawyers became butchers, waiters in restaurants, teamsters—even honest men sometimes. It was an area of topsy-turvy, of jostling, profanity, of chaos, speculation, of hurry and confusion. But somehow all became orderly and the city thrived and grew. It was the golden moment for the laborer. Wages were the highest in all history. Carpenters, who were getting twelve dollars per day, struck for sixteen; ordinary labor brought one dollar an hour. Everybody was thriving and making and spending money, though it cost an almost princely income to live. Rents were enormous—three thousand dollars per month in advance being charged for a single store of small size and constructed of rough boards. On the corner of Washington street was the "Parker House" which paid its owners \$120,000 per year in rent. The second story of this building was rented by gamblers who paid \$5,000 per month. A canvas tent of moderate size, which stood near the Parker House, was occupied



by the El Dorado, a gambling saloon. This paid in rents \$40,000 per annum.

It cost three dollars for admission to the pit of the circus, while a private box cost fifty-five. Good board cost eight dollars per day, or thirty dollars per week. The most ordinary board cost twenty dollars per week. Flour sold at forty dollars per barrel; potatoes and brown sugar thirty-seven and one-half cents per pound; cheese fifty cents, and a loaf of bread, such as is now sold in Santa Barbara for five cents, would have cost fifty cents in '49. Heavy boots cost from thirty to forty dollars per pair, and a really good article commanded fully one hundred dollars. It cost twenty dollars per dozen pieces—large and small—to get clothes washed. Those prices were in San Francisco. In the mines the prices were from four to five times as great. Eggs were sold at one, two, and even three dollars each; inferior sugar, tea and coffee at four dollars a pound; picks and shovels ranged from five to fifteen dollars each; laudanum cost one dollar a drop; a pill or purge ten dollars each; spirits sold at from ten to forty dollars a quart.

Notwithstanding those prices, everybody made money, and could have become rich.

There was a continuous flow of gold from the mines, and millions of pure gold, in lumps and dust, reached San Francisco each month. Probably there never was a city that had such an amount of gold in circulation as had San Francisco in 1848-49-50-51. It was a city of from twenty to thirty thousand inhabitants, improvised—the people nearly all adult males, strong in person,



clever, bold, sanguine, restless and reckless. Such a people had to have amusements—if not good, then bad.

Perhaps what would have struck the stranger in San Francisco as the most remarkable characteristic of the city was the prevalence of gambling. It was *the* amusement, the grand occupation of most of the people. Let me quote from a writer of the day—one who was on the ground and wrote only of what he himself saw : “ Gambling saloons, glittering like fairy palaces, studded nearly all sides of the plaza and every street in the neighborhood. As if intoxicating drinks, from the well-plenished and splendid bar they each contained, were not sufficient to gild the scene, music added its loudest, if not its sweetest charms ; and all was mad, feverish mirth, where fortunes were lost and won upon the green cloth, in the twinkling of an eye. All classes gambled in those days, from the starched, white-neck-clothed professor of religion to the veriest black rascal that earned a dollar from ‘blackin’ massa’s boots.’ Nobody had leisure to think even for a moment of his occupation, and how it was viewed in Christian lands. The heated brain was never allowed to get cool while a bit of coin or dust was left. These saloons, therefore, were crowded night and day by impatient revellers who could never satiate themselves with excitement, nor get rid too soon of their golden heaps.”

Monte, rondo, rouge-et-noir, vingt-un, faro and roulette were the games mostly played. In the more attractive saloons beautiful and well-dressed women dealt out the cards or turned the roulette wheels.

As another writer said: "To make a fortune in the turning of a card was delightful—the mingled hope and fear of eventual success was a charming excitement. For the moment, men felt as great as conquerors may be supposed sometimes to feel; they manœuvred on the green cloth—the field of their operations—thinking their own skill was playing the game, when chance alone gave the result. At the end of a long evening's campaign of mingled victories and defeats—petty skirmishes—they would either draw off their forces to renew the game next day, or hazard their all, thousands of dollars perhaps, on the issue of one great battle, and a moment afterward leave the table richer or poorer by a moderate fortune."

Gambling, then, became a regular business, and those who followed it were really among the richest, most talented and influential citizens of the town.

With gambling and drinking went hand in hand duels, robberies, murders and gross licentiousness, until the place was dangerous at all hours of the night. Murders were of daily occurrence. Indeed, within a few months over one hundred murders took place, and not one of the red-handed perpetrators was ever brought to justice. This state of affairs could not last—everyone was in terror of his life. Then the people took the matter in their own hands, and the celebrated "Vigilance Committee" was organized. This was in the year 1851.

Probably there is no part of the history of San Francisco that has received so much attention as was bestowed on the period of the active work of the Vigilance Committee. It called forth applause, wonder,

scorn and indignation. But the work went on. It was a necessity born of the times—one of those strange uprisings of the people by which crime is made to give place to order and peace. There was a necessity that something should be done to strike terror to the hearts of the cut-throats, blacklegs and other lawless characters that filled the city. Crime must be checked by terrible expiations.

The "committee" was made up by some of San Francisco's leading and most respected citizens, and the work began at once. Some of the worst desperadoes were hanged, others lashed and branded, and a great number ordered to leave the country. By such prompt methods the city was made clean, its people law-abiding and prosperous.

Later on, streets were laid out more carefully, and on a more liberal scale. Many of them were graded and good sidewalks built. New and finer buildings were reared, schools established and other evidences of solid prosperity became visible.

The golden stream from the mines grew steadily larger and larger, making money both plentiful and easy to get. It is estimated that the gold product of 1848 was \$3,000,000; that of 1849, \$25,000,000; that of 1850, \$40,000,000, and that of 1851, \$60,000,000.

To give an idea of how great was the commerce of San Francisco at this period I may say that on October 31, 1851, there were 451 vessels of all classes lying at anchor in the harbor. During that year 27,000 immigrants had arrived by sea.

## CHAPTER VI.

It was, then, in the city I have just described that Mr. Cooper and his friend, David Pipes, arrived early in March, 1851.

They remained in San Francisco about three days, after which passage was secured for New York on a steamer by way of Panama. Passenger traffic by steamer was tremendous in that year, and every vessel started with at least double the number of passengers she should have taken. On this trip the ship had 800 passengers, and a steerage ticket cost \$275.00 in gold.

The vessel put to sea, and very soon nearly every one of the passengers were suffering from sea-sickness. Cooper was both sick and so worried that he could neither sleep nor eat his meals. This state of affairs continued until the ship was near Panama, when, one night, as he lay awake, he then and there decided that he had made a mistake in going home. It was absurd, he reasoned, to leave a land where money was plentiful and return to a place where poverty, hard work and cold winters ruled. But, since he had undertaken the trip, he would finish it, and then make all the haste possible and get back again to California.

After this decision had been made he went to sleep, and the next day he felt better. With appetite regained, his cheerfulness and self-reliance returned. There was no more indecision in his mind after that.

In due time the men arrived at Panama, where they

landed and were compelled to walk to the Chargres River, where they stopped at a place called Gorgona. Here about fifteen of the party chartered a small boat and hired a lot of natives to pole them down the river in their *bongos* or dug-outs to Chargres, where they embarked on the steamer "Prometheus" for New York.

Mr. Cooper reached home on May 2, 1851, and found his brother and sisters well and considerably surprised to see him. To their interrogatories as to his return, he said: "I am sowing a few of my wild oats. I shall return to California, and I promise you that I will yet turn out well. I will do nothing to disgrace you. Bear patiently with me a little longer." His brother, the doctor, came to see him, and to his inquiry as to what he intended to do, Cooper replied that he intended to purchase a pony and again start overland for California. He proposed to go on to the State line and trust to finding some one who was driving stock across the plains, who would give him employment.

On the 13th day of May, 1851, Cooper, having purchased his pony, started for Booneville, sixteen miles away. He arrived there that evening, and was recommended to a party headed by Peters & McMahon, who were gathering up a band of sheep which they proposed to drive across the plains to California.

Cooper met the men and engaged to work for them at eight dollars per month, payment to be made when the party reached California. The promise was made that the trip should be accomplished during that year. After making this agreement Mr. Cooper went at once to the

rendezvous where preparations were being made for the march. Stock was purchased and teams were made ready for the long, wearisome journey.

In a few days all preparations were completed and the train started out with twelve thousand sheep. In the train were three wagons drawn by teams of oxen. There were twenty-two men in the ranks, and twenty-five horses and mules were taken along. A negro named John, a Missourian named Holmes and Mr. Cooper drove the teams, did the cooking, etc. Holmes was a blacksmith, and took along a portable forge, with which he shod the animals, as required, and did other necessary jobs in his line.

This is believed to have been the first band of sheep ever driven from the Eastern States across the plains to California. The Department of Agriculture at Washington in its special report of the sheep industry of the United States concedes the credit as I have stated.

The first night out Mr. Cooper stood guard after midnight. When he was called, he found the night pitch dark and the animals in great fright, running about in confusion. Nothing could be seen except during the frequent flashes of lightning. Cooper began to collect the sheep, but soon found that he alone would not be able to accomplish anything. He went to McMahon, the proprietor, and said he could do nothing unaided.

"What do you think had better be done?" inquired McMahon.

"Why," said Cooper, "I think I had better go to bed."

"All right," was the answer, and Cooper turned in and slept until daylight.

The next morning the sky was clear, and the sheep, huddled in small bunches, were found close by, all right. The train then took up the line of march by the northern route, passing Forts Kearney and Laramie on the way.

Nothing of importance happened for about ten days. The roads were yielding and wet, and many of the sheep began to have soft feet, making the march tedious in the extreme. Later on, the road grew hard, and the sheep became so lame that hundreds of them were unable to walk along at all. The march was very slow and the prospects became more and more premonitory that the train would not reach California that year. Mr. Cooper spoke of it to the proprietors, who admitted that it seemed impossible to make the trip in the time intended.

Under these circumstances, Mr. Cooper in company with a lawyer named Hiram Mills from Wisconsin, and the blacksmith Holmes, bade the train good bye at Devil's Gate, on the Sweetwater, and started for California on the 27th day of August. This meant a lonely journey of 1300 miles to Sacramento city. The party set out with a canteen of water apiece and a small quantity of provisions.

During the first day out, our party met a cavalcade of 1100 Crow Indians, going to Fort Laramie to make a treaty with our Government. The Indians were friendly, and only greeted Cooper's party with the usual, "How, how."

This day the party traveled twenty-five miles to the

Ice Springs, where they expected to obtain water, but found that the ice had receded, and there was no water to be had except by digging, which required spades, and there was not a spade to be had. The men were suffering terribly from thirst, but there was no alternative except to push on over twelve weary miles through the dry sandy road to Sweetwater. We need not recall the fatigues of that dismal journey. Worn out by the march, suffering terribly from thirst, it seemed as if they could *not* go on. But it was "go on or die" with them. One of the party (Mills) gave up, and lay down, telling his friends to push ahead and if they found water to return for him. However, he put forth his will and followed. Arriving at the stream, the men actually threw themselves into the water and reveled in its sweet purity. The next day the journey was resumed. Soon after this, our travelers were overtaken by a party of three men, who were likewise on the way to California. Among the new-comers was a man named Shoemaker, a nice Vermonter, and a young fellow named John Smith—"the most disagreeable person I ever met," said Cooper. The two parties joined forces for protection, and journeyed on to Salt Lake City, where they remained fifteen days. During this time Mr. Cooper heard Brigham Young deliver a lecture (mostly made up of abuse of American people.)

While in Salt Lake City, it was learned that during the remainder of the journey many hostile Indians were likely to be encountered and that, for safety, it was better for emigrants to travel in



as large companies as possible. Reports of the depredations of Indians were coming in all the time. Our party, therefore, looked about to see what could be done to augment their strength and make it look formidable. By a little effort, a sufficient number of people were found to increase the number of men to fourteen. There was also one woman and a child. Cooper and his friends exchanged their horses and pack saddles for two yokes of oxen and an old wagon. They purchased a quantity of flour, bacon, potatoes and a supply of barley, which they proposed to parch and use in lieu of coffee. Sugar, tea and real coffee were entirely beyond their reach, and had to be dispensed with for the time.

All being now in readiness, the emigrants began their journey. As he had been over the route the year before, Mr. Cooper was chosen captain. For some time nothing of note happened. They journeyed on from twenty to twenty-five miles each day. When they reached the Humboldt River, they met a band of seventy Mormons, who said that the Indians had ambushed and attacked them the night before, inflicting a loss of three men killed. A few nights after this, the party encamped in a place that seemed particularly favorable for an ambuscade. The captain was uneasy, and at midnight, decided to arouse the people and push on as quickly as possible, knowing as he did that if an attack was made at all, it would take place at daybreak. There was considerable complaint and grumbling at Cooper's decision, but the order was obeyed and camp broken. The journey was pursued with all speed until about nine o'clock

the next morning, when a halt was called and breakfast served. During this rest, Cooper noticed that the animals were sniffing in the direction of a hill some distance back. A man was ordered to go up a mole, near by, and see if anything was wrong. He did so and soon reported that a band of Indians were filing along the pass. These were the very foes that Cooper had been afraid of, and had he not moved his camp during the night, it is very probable that not a man in the company would have been left to tell the tale. The men were now profuse in their apologies to Cooper for "growling" at his orders of the night before, and from now on not one word was ever said against any of his decisions.

I have already spoken of the man John Smith, who was of the party, and whom Mr. Cooper considered the most disagreeable person with whom he ever came in contact. By this time Smith had quarreled with everyone in the train except Cooper. He had even wrangled with the only woman in the party. Everyone avoided him as much as possible, for all were afraid of the man. Cooper thus far had managed to get along without any open rupture with the fellow, but the time had now come when even he had to taste a quarrel. It happened in this way:—One day the whole party were sitting at their noon lunch, talking and joking. Smith started to poke fun at the little lawyer, Mills, who, in turn, retorted, rather getting the best of the badinage. This made Smith angry, and he began to abuse him, threatening to "slap his mouth," if he said another word. Cooper noted the drift of the talk, and was expecting the blacksmith

Holmes to interfere and take Mills' part. But Holmes said not a word. To see another abused in this way was rather more than Cooper could stand, so he quietly said to the bully:

"I wouldn't abuse the little fellow any more if I were you. He was only in fun, and I wish you would let it pass by."

"Perhaps you would like to take it up?" said Smith turning to Cooper.

"I do, sir!" was retorted as quick as a flash, "I do sir! come right on and I will lick you in half a second, you dirty scoundrel!"

And Cooper, white with rage, jumped up and made ready to carry out his promise. But the bully suddenly calmed down. There was no fight in him. He was like all bullies, only a coward. After this there was no more of his pranks, and the camp was far more comfortable in the future.

From now on the party jogged across the desert, arriving at the foot of the Sierra Nevadas, near a place called Carson City. Here the company disbanded. Cooper, Mills and Holmes traded their outfit, oxen and wagon to a man named Jameson, who carried the mail from that point to Sacramento, hiring of him some mules on which to ride to that city. Holmes and Cooper went to a place called Diamond Springs, in Placer County, and Mills went to Sacramento. Cooper and Mills never met again. Mills became a prominent man, was state senator and superior judge. He died about a year ago in Contra Costa County.

## CHAPTER VII.

Holmes and Cooper arrived at their destination on October 31, 1851, at 8 P. M. In a very few minutes some twenty or thirty acquaintances of Cooper, whom he had known in the States or with whom he had crossed the plains, called. Among the number was Mark Jackman, a near neighbor in Missouri, who said he was to start for home early the next morning.

"I wish I had fifty dollars to send to my sister," said Cooper.

"I'll lend you the money," said Matthew Arnold, pulling out an eight-square gold slug. It was given to Jackman, who in due time delivered it to the person intended.

An old acquaintance named Rollins said he had a mine on the American River and tendered Cooper an interest in it. The offer was accepted and the men at once started for the place. During the first week's work each man averaged about twenty dollars per diem. In the second week the whole yield was only sixty dollars, and in the third week the entire party got only about twenty dollars. The mine manifestly was "played out," and the men returned to Diamond Springs, where Holmes had been at work cutting wood, for which he had received only fifteen or twenty dollars. Cooper paid Arnold the fifty dollars he had loaned him, and which had been sent home to his sister, and then the party started with their blankets on the walk to Stockton. Arriving at that

place, Holmes met a man who told him that his brother had a mine that was paying wonderfully. He decided to go there and persuaded Cooper to go with him, saying: "If my brother has a good thing, you shall share in it."

Cooper said: "If your brother has a good thing he may be glad to let you in for a share, but he would not be willing to let me, a stranger, in too."

"No," said Holmes, "you are my benefactor. If my brother will not take you in I will not go in either."

So, over-persuaded, Cooper accompanied him. After a walk of two and one-half days, they reached the place and found Holmes' brother and his three partners at work. The place was the richest kind of gulch diggings. A pick thrust into the earth revealed in the upturned dirt a gleaming mass of coarse gold and nuggets. It was apparently a genuine bonanza. But Cooper soon found that he was not wanted. So, after staying there for a couple of days, as a "feeler" he said to Holmes: "Sam, suppose we go back to Stockton and get a job at teaming?" Sam thought the idea good, and suggested that Cooper go on ahead, and if he got work to write him, and he would go on, too. This was enough for Cooper. He saw how the thing was working. They wanted to keep Sam, but did not want him. In ten minutes he was on his way from that camp. He went as far as the stage road that night, where he remained until the stage appeared the next morning, when he got aboard. There was a competing line of stages, so, after they got down to the plains, the horses were put into a gallop, and hurried to their utmost. Unfortunately

Cooper lost his hat while the stage was going at full speed, and he called to the driver to stop, so that he might recover it. With a good deal of surliness the driver obeyed, remarking, as Cooper returned, "You will lose your d—d head next." One of the passengers on the stage here interposed and said: "None of that, driver. This man lost his hat and it was your duty to help him. You are only a servant of the public."

The driver returned some insolent answer, but was met with the reply "Now, I don't want to hear a word from you; not one word, I tell you!"

After reaching Stockton, Cooper was surprised to find the man who had so kindly taken his part to be no less personage than the celebrated ranger, Col. Jack Hays. He was afterwards sheriff of San Francisco, and took part in the work of the Vigilance Committee.

Mr. Cooper found his old friend, John Hill, the blacksmith, who was still working at his trade. He introduced him to George Rivercomb, who engaged him to drive a team at one hundred dollars a month. He began work the next day, and for ten months continued in his employ. At the expiration of that time, Cooper purchased a team of four yokes of oxen and a wagon for \$1100 and began work on his own account. He paid \$500 cash, getting credit for the remaining \$600.

Soon after this, Cooper was taken sick with varioloid, and for six weeks was confined to his bed. During that whole time it rained, and the miners were in great distress for food. They were compelled to shoot birds, parch barley and do all sorts of unusual things to obtain a sup-

ply of food. All the streams were greatly swollen, and Chinamen were employed to carry sacks of flour across on their shoulders.

About the first of March, Mr. Cooper purchased a ton of flour, and with five yokes of oxen started for the mines in company with another teamster who went by the name of "Short Neck Tom," who likewise had a load of freight. The men got out about three or four miles, and there found the mud so deep that their teams got bogged. They were compelled to unyoke the oxen, and those who couldn't get out of the mud by themselves had to be hauled out with a line tied about their horns. Finally they were all in shape and again took up the line of march. They went on as far as the "Twelve Mile House," kept by Major Stemmons, formerly of Missouri, and there passed the night. The next morning they again pushed on until they came to the store and boarding-house of Foreman & Haynes. This was near the San Antonio Creek, then perhaps eighty feet wide. Awaiting at this stream were found thirty teams loaded with supplies. They had been there a week, but dared not attempt the crossing, on account of the high water. Cooper remained there all night, and early the next morning went down and took a look at the situation. "If I could only get across that tarnation stream with my flour, I could do well with my venture," said he to himself. The fact that he was in debt made him all the more anxious to get on.

After looking over the situation in all its aspects, he decided to make the attempt to swim the stream with

his supplies. "Nothing ventured, nothing gained," said he, grimly, as he made his plans. He went back and yoked up his team.

"What in h——l are you trying to do?" said Short Neck Tom. "You can't cross that stream; it is twelve feet deep and running like a mill-race."

"I am going to attempt to swim the stream, Tom. Help me a little and you will see," replied Cooper.

The team was driven to the water's edge, along which probably fully one hundred and fifty men were standing in idle curiosity to see if wagon, team and load were not all lost. Even the cooks from the house were present.

Cooper took off all his team except the wheelers, tied a long rope to the cattle he had unyoked, and easily swung them across the stream. When they had landed, he called to them and they stopped. On the opposite side of the stream he had now four yokes of oxen with a rope attached and running across to the shore on which he stood. His next move was to drive the single yoke (the wheelers) into the water as far as they could go without losing bottom and being compelled to swim. This was accomplished with the assistance of Tom who kept the cattle quiet while Cooper went up the stream and crossed the river on a log—a perilous task. The cattle on the opposite side of the stream were then backed up until Tom, who was yet on the wagon, had plenty of rope by which to tie on to the end of the tongue, in front of the wheelers.

"Now," said Tom, "don't you start until I get out of



this d——d place. I don't want to get drowned with your old team."

After Tom had gotten safely to the shore, Cooper tightened up the rope, put on the whip and away went the wheelers and wagon with its load through the water, right side up, to the opposite shore. It was a perfect success, and the men who lined the shores loudly screamed and shouted in their admiration. "Go it, old fellow, you are all right. You will make a fortune, sure,"—ending with a score of rah-rah-rahs, as the wagon went up the bank.

Cooper then drove on through the mud and slush a couple of miles, where some miners, who saw him crossing, came out and bought about one hundred and fifty pounds of flour at seventy-five cents a pound. He then proceeded on his way until he reached Vallicita—six miles distant from the river—where he had a friend, a Kentuckian, named J. Lester, who had been his partner in the mines in 1850. Lester had a store and invited Cooper to unload his flour to keep it out of the wet, and remain over night with him. The invitation was accepted. After supper Lester offered to buy the flour for fifty cents a pound and take the whole lot. But Cooper thought he ought to have more, and declined.

The next morning the sun shone brightly and the storm seemed over. Lester remarked that he was glad his offer of fifty cents per pound for the flour had been refused, as, in a few days, the other teams would be over and flour go down in price to eight cents. Cooper started out to see if he couldn't sell his flour at the other camps,

Douglas Flats and Murphy's Diggings, but he had no success. All of the dealers refused.

"The storm is over and those other teams will be able to cross in a little while, and the price of flour will go down to a mere song," they said.

Cooper returned to Lester's, feeling very tired and rather blue. The rainy season seemed over and the prospects were that he would not be able to sell his flour and make any profit out of his venture. After supper as he sat by the fire, feeling a good deal discouraged, some-one came into the room from the outside, saying: "*Whew! How it rains!*" In a little while Lester came in and said:

"Joey, old boy, I guess you wish you had sold me your flour, don't you?"

"No," was the reply. "It looks now as if it would rain all the season, and I've got plenty of fat cattle and flour and I am not going to starve."

"Well," said Lester, "I know you are getting homesick, old boy, and I will yet offer you fifty cents a pound for the lot and let you go home."

"Well," said Cooper, "since it is you I will let you have it at that price."

Lester took the lot, which amounted to 1850 pounds, and paid over the sum of \$925.00. This, with the one hundred and fifty pounds sold at seventy-five cents per pound, made the proceeds of the load amount to \$1,037.50.

The next morning the sun shone clear and warm and not another drop of rain fell for over eight months.

Having disposed of his load of flour, with a pocketful of money, which amounted to enough to make his venture a genuine success, Mr. Cooper bade his friend Lester good by, and went on his way home rejoicing. He passed the stream over which he had floated his load of flour in the face of such difficulties, before the teams, which had been waiting on the other side for the waters to subside, had made their crossing, and probably enjoyed the success he had won by his skill and enterprise in crossing the river in spite of its dangers, as much as any success he ever achieved. But that was not all. He had earned nearly sufficient money to pay off his debts, and that fact, to so scrupulously honest a man as Cooper, was in itself a grand triumph.

After this he continued freighting during the balance of the year, his sphere of operations being between Mariposa and Milton on the south bank of the Mariposa River.

## CHAPTER VIII.

In my sketch of early San Francisco, I spoke of the prevalence of crime in that city and in the whole State. Disagreeable as is the subject, I now revert to it again, and recall a few passages of the history of the times that, at this day, read more like a romance than sober, matter-of-fact history.

In a mixed population, gathered from the four corners of the earth, it could not be otherwise than that, in so motley a collection of men in a new country, where, to a certain extent, each man was to himself a law, there should be found lawless persons who would hesitate at no crime in the furtherance of their plans or desires.

As may be surmised, the very great majority of the people who flocked to California during the years 1849-53 came here for the purpose of mining for gold. Then, as now, gold was the most powerful magnet in the world. For gold men would undertake Herculean tasks, risk life and limb, break sacred ties of friendship, lose regard for truth and honor, steal, rob—even *murder*.

It was supposed, from the reports of the richness of the mines, that all a person had to do, in order to acquire great stores of the yellow metal, was to purchase a pick and shovel and then "turn up the golden particles by the bucketful." Remarkable yields had been authentically reported, which, naturally, gave color to those wild ideas. At what were known as the "Dry Diggings," in particular, the amount of gold obtained was enormous.

One chunk of pure metal was found that weighed thirteen pounds. One man dug out twelve thousand dollars worth of gold in six days; three men obtained eight thousand dollars in a single day; the auriferous earth, dug out of ravines and holes in the sides of the mountains, was packed upon horses and carried one, two or three miles, to the nearest water, to be washed. An average price of this washing dirt was, at one time, four hundred dollars a cart load. In one instance five loads of such earth were sold for seven hundred and fifty-two dollars, which yielded, after washing, sixteen thousand dollars. Individuals made their five thousand, ten thousand and fifteen thousand dollars in the space of only a few weeks. These were isolated and exceptional cases, but they passed current as averages among the men, who, with dilated eyes and hungry ears, drank in the marvelous stories. One of the editors of the "Californian" stated in June, 1849, that, by aid of a shovel, pick and tin pan, he had collected from forty-four to one hundred and twenty-eight dollars per day, averaging one hundred dollars.

The plain truth is that from ten to fifteen dollars of gold-dust per day was the average proceeds of the great majority of miners who worked steadily and industriously.

Everything in this world has a bright and a shady side. So far I have spoken only of the bright side. There was a great deal of sickness in the mines, and many of the miners sank under fever and diseases of the bowels. Insufficient shelter, complete change of diet,

continued mental excitement induced by personal amusement and gross dissipation and severe labor of a kind which most of the men had been unaccustomed to, soon produced ailments fatal in many cases. "No gains could compensate a dying man for the fatal sickness engendered by his own avaricious exertions" has been well said. But there was a still darker feature to the picture; in the wild race for riches the invalid was neglected, and, in many cases, died unwept and alone.

Mining for gold, then, was far from being the romantic, ideal and poetical occupation we are sometimes lead to believe by our imperfect knowledge of the facts. It was trying and exacting in the extreme. Robust men found it so, and, as the great majority of men are lazy by nature, a good many of the miners gave up their occupations and sought other methods for the attainment of the golden spoils. Gambling offered a small—very small—chance. But the average gambler is soon fleeced, and then comes a period of desperation, when a man will do almost anything to obtain the wherewithal with which to continue the struggle with the Fickle Goddess. It is so now; it was so in California in 1849.

It was usually from such causes that men were led to theft and robbery; even murder. That point in the moral prostration of a man being reached, the step to professional brigandage was quickly passed. Many such steps were taken in California in those early years, and I now select, from many cases, one typical example.

Of all the picturesque desperadoes of this continent, probably Joaquin Murieta easily stands first. Young,

brave as a lion, of splendid face and form, he was an ideal Fra Diavolo. While his long series of bloody murders—many of them without the slightest provocation on the part of the victims—stamp him a cut-throat of the first order. I know there are things to be said in his favor before his becoming steeped in blood; cruel wrongs that were likely to turn sour the sweetest disposition—but I am not defending or prosecuting the man. I am simply stating facts.

Murieta was eighteen years of age when he became the head and heart of a band of desperadoes that numbered from twenty to eighty people. He was only twenty-one years of age when vengeance overtook him, but in those three years he committed robberies and murders enough to fill the whole Coast with terror and make his name more widely known than that of all the other men of his profession taken together. And this is saying a good deal, for even Murieta had his rivals. There were Vasquez, Jack Powers, Solomon Pico, Carrillo and Armijo—all red-handed, desperate men.

Murieta ruled his band with a rod of iron. The least disobedience meant death to the one perpetrating it. He had a comrade named Manuel Garcia, but far more widely known as Three-Fingered Jack, a man of Herculean strength, powerful frame and boundless ferocity.

In company, these men often traveled from place to place, leaving a trail of blood behind. It was during the summer of 1852 that Mr. Cooper had a very narrow escape from their hands. Coming down from Mariposa late one

Sunday evening he drove up the dry creek to Forbes' stone house, but hesitated whether he should stay all night or push on. The fear that his cattle would stray and run up the Tuolumne, decided the matter, and he pushed on—a very simple thing, but with the hand of fate in it, as will be seen.

The next morning Tony Riddle, with his ox team, passed Forbes' place from Merced on his way to Stockton. He drove only about three miles and was there murdered by Murieta and Three-Fingered Jack. Had Cooper obeyed his first impulse and remained over night, he would surely have been dealt with in the same way, for he was known to have money about his person, and to get it would only have required one more murder—what was that to such men as Murieta and his companion?

Today the stories of Murieta look like myths, so enveloped are they with the glamour of enterprise, daring and bravery. Indeed, very many men even doubt the existence of the man, considering him as having been purely a character of fiction, born from the deeds of such men as Jack Powers. Others, admitting that the man actually existed, consider his deeds to have been magnified beyond reason, and affirm that he was only a lieutenant of Powers. But the evidence given by men now living who knew Murieta, both before and during his career of bloodshed and robbery, must count for far more than the doubts of people who know nothing of the matter at all, save from heresay.

Joaquin Murieta and his gang created such terror by their bloody deeds that Captain Harry Love was com-



missioned by the California legislature to arrest the man and his gang, dead or alive. The task was accomplished. The leader and his lieutenant, Three-Fingered Jack, were shot, their heads cut off, preserved in alcohol and exhibited to hundreds of people. A well-known gentleman of this city saw the trophies while they were on exhibition in Stockton.

## CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Cooper continued on in the freighting business in Milton, Fine Gold Gulch and other places in the vicinity until the autumn of 1853, when he purchased an enormous wagon, for which he paid the sum of eight hundred dollars. The wagon weighed 4300 pounds, and when loaded required ten yokes of oxen to move it. To give an idea of its size and great strength I may say that on one trip between Stockton and Milton (100 miles) Cooper took 15,315 pounds of freight.

About a year later—or to be more exact, in the fall of 1854—Mr. Cooper sold his team and wagon to a man named Charles Terman for three thousand dollars. This is supposed to have been the largest price ever paid for one ox team in those days. Terman was given two months in which to pay for the team, and Cooper was employed to drive it at one hundred dollars per month and board. But the two months came around and the money was not ready, so Cooper extended the time six months.

During one of his trips, Cooper stopped at Holden's Ferry, on the Stanislaus River. William Holden, the owner, was lieutenant-governor under Governor Haight. During the night Cooper awoke suddenly and found the house in flames. Everybody, except Cooper and a man named Trim Moor, had been awakened and gone. In his eagerness to escape Cooper ran down stairs in his night-clothes, leaving his clothes in the burning building. It was but a very few minutes before the whole structure

was burned to the ground. Then Cooper saw his condition. He was without clothes and with no means of getting any with which to dress himself, and it was raining hard. He knew there were several men up the road with their teams. So, with nothing on but his night apparel, and with the rain falling fast, he started up the road. From one of the men he got a pair of blue overalls, an old pair of boots and an old soldier's overcoat. In this dress, with a pocket handkerchief on his head, instead of a hat, he drove his team to Stockton. Here he remained a few days, when he began to feel sick, but, getting a load of freight, in company with others, he started for the mines. But it was too much for his strength. He was compelled to hire a driver for his team and go to bed, very ill with an attack of typhoid-pneumonia. He was hauled up to Snelling's, on the Merced River. Dr. Lewis and Dr. Warren took charge of the patient, and for two months his chances of recovery were very small. But he had a good strong constitution and pulled through. This siege of sickness cost him five hundred dollars.

Here is a little reminiscence that I deem worthy to insert in this place. While Cooper was sick at Snelling's, as narrated above, he became acquainted with a young man named Bill Grant, who had crossed the plains from Missouri in 1849, and, at the time of Cooper's illness, was employed by the stage company. Later on he became a driver, and, like most stage men of his time, allowed whiskey to get the better of him. He was at one time a driver on the coast line, over the mountains

from Santa Barbara. This was eighteen years ago. While on his death-bed and in the midst of his delirium, poor Grant called out to the people around him: "They're on the down grade, boys, and I can't catch the brake." These words have served as the topic of a most affecting poem, and been used as the text of many a good pastor's sermon.

After recovery, Mr. Cooper again took charge of the team and continued the business until October, 1855, when he went to Stockton where he remained a month to collect what money was due him. He succeeded in this, and in company with his old friend, Martin E. Oldham, started for his home in Missouri. The men took the steamer for Panama, the agreement being that on arrival at Aspinwall, if the steamer for New Orleans was not there, they should be allowed the privilege of embarking on the New York steamer. The trip to the isthmus was made with no incident worthy of notice, but, when our friends reached Aspinwall, they found no steamer for New Orleans, nor were they permitted to take the boat for New York, notwithstanding the agreement made when the tickets were purchased. The passengers were compelled to remain in Aspinwall for two weeks and during that time, most of them became ill of the fever. The port is one of the most unhealthy and disagreeable spots on the globe. A person who visits it once, will take every precaution to avoid a second visit.

After a weary delay of two weeks, the old steamer "George Law" arrived, and our friends went on board. This famous old boat was only capable of making about

six knots an hour, and was a crazy old tub that had seen much service. This was her last trip under the name, for, on arriving at New Orleans, she was placed in dock, thoroughly overhauled, re-fitted and re-christened the "Central America," and on her first trip to the isthmus went to the bottom with all her crew. She was said to have had on board a list of 700 passengers, none of whom were saved.

Our friends remained several days in New Orleans, and then purchased tickets for St. Louis, and embarked on the steamer *Ætna*. Passengers in those days were not treated to the luxurious splendor and comfort that they demand and receive in our time. Steamboats were then run entirely in the interest of the owners' pocket-books. If the public didn't like the arrangements, why, people could stay at home—and lump them. The *Ætna* was no exception to the boats of her period. The Captain ran things with a high hand, and consulted his own pleasure and interests in all cases, with little reference to the comfort of his passengers. The boat was much overcrowded, and accommodations were about such as one might expect in a cattle car of today.

Among the passengers were about twenty-five Missourians, many of them returning home from California. They were resolute, determined fellows, with whom it would have been unsafe to trifle. All were well-armed, and I shall have more to say of them shortly.

There were two deaths on the trip—one a stranger without friends, who was buried in the river. Another was a man from Illinois. He had left his family and home and

gone to California, where, after the usual run of hard work and privations incidental to a new country, he had amassed about eight thousand dollars with which he was on his return home. Many and many a pitiable tale has been told but one rarely hears of one more sorrowful than this. The man had worked and delved, denying himself all sorts of pleasures and comforts that he might amass a competency for his dear ones. He had, to a certain extent, succeeded, and then began the joyful journey home. Every day brought him nearer and nearer to his family. He arrived at Aspinwall, but during that tedious wait of two weeks was stricken with the fever. His friends got him to New Orleans, and from there, on his way home on the *Ætna*. The weather was cold and the poor fellow rapidly grew weaker and, weaker. At last he recognized that his end was near, and that he would never reach his home alive. Then he called to one of his friends, who was also a neighbor, gave him a few trinkets as keepsakes for his children, the eight thousand dollars to be given his wife, and bade him take charge of all and see that his wishes were carried out. The friend promised, and in a little while the poor fellow died. In those days it was the law that, if a man died on ship-board, the captain should take possession of his effects in the capacity of a public administrator. But the cases were very numerous where the captains, like the public administrators of today, converted all to their own use.

In the present instance, as soon as the poor fellow died, the captain came down and demanded the money of the

man who had been commissioned to take it to its destination. The demand was refused. The captain stormed and swore he would arrest the man and forcibly take the money. He was about to put his threat into execution, when our Missourians stepped in. They had good reason to suspect the captain would keep every cent of the money, if he once got possession. They knew, too, the wishes of the dead man, and they had confidence in his friend, and determined that the captain should not get the money. They elected an old Missourian, named Eaves, as spokesman and, when the captain was ready to arrest the man, Eaves stepped forward and said:

"Captain, we knew the dead man, and we know his wishes. We heard him confide his savings to his friend. We have confidence in that friend, and feel sure that he will carry out his instructions and deliver the money to its owners. You can't have the dust."

The captain said he had the law on his side and that he would have the money, even if he had to arrest every d——d man in the lot.

"But," said Eaves, "you will *not* get the money, unless you can whip twenty-five well-heeled Missourians."

The captain stamped about, ordered the whole crew to the front, and swore he would have the money at all hazards.

"Well," said Eaves, quietly, "if you get that money, it will be after you have killed every man of us here, and after your old boat is in a thousand slivers. I tell you, tain, we shall *fight* before you get a cent of that poor d fellow's money. Now come on!"

The captain didn't "come on," but letting loose a lot of additional threats, went away. This practically ended the affair, and the money, in due time, was delivered to the bereaved widow and family as intended.

The boat proceeded on her way, but the floating ice coming down the river impeded travel, and when she arrived at Cairo, the captain, seeing he could go no further, decided to land the passengers and transfer them to the railroad. They went to Sandoval, where they awaited the train, but the cold was so intense that the water tanks were frozen, and the whole party had to remain huddled in a small waiting-room, until 10 A. M., the following day. There was a fire-place, in which a brisk fire was kept up, but it was not sufficient to warm the whole room. Part of the people would come to the fire, get warmed and then go away and make room for others. This rotation was continued during the whole night.

Mr. Cooper was still feeling the effects of his stay at Aspinwall, and became very sick and tired during the long hours of the night, for there was no place for any one to lie down. The Illinoisan, whose death has been noted, had been placed in a coffin and taken along. It now lay upon a table in the room where so many people were huddled together. Cooper noticed that there was a clear space beneath the table, and felt so sick that he unrolled his blankets, spread them upon the floor, got in himself and secured a couple of hours sleep, not in the least disturbed by the silent form which lay in its box above him. On awakening much refreshed, he found his



friend Oldham considerably worried about his absence.

"Where in the world have you been?" was asked.

"Oh," replied Cooper, "I put my blankets on the floor, under that dead man, and have been asleep. I feel better now."

"Well," remarked Oldham, "I was afraid someone had enticed you outside and made away with you." He then got into the blankets and went to sleep himself.

The next day the friends continued their journey, and, arriving at St. Louis, registered at the Old Virginia Hotel. In a few days they took the stage and went to their old home in Cooper County. There Mr. Cooper was happy to find his friends all well and very glad to see him. During the next two months the attack of fever which had come on at Aspinwall troubled him and prevented him from attending to business. It was a miracle, almost, that the fever had not laid him low. Mr. Cooper remained sometime at his home, but always with a longing feeling for California. It was a feeling that could not be allayed, do what he could.

In the spring of 1857 his brother-in-law, William McCurdy, persuaded him to purchase a tract of land in Bates County, Missouri. It was hoped by his friends that, with this real possession, he would conquer his love for California, settle down with his family and friends and carry on the business of farming and stock-raising. But who, after living in our glorious State ever forgot its beauties, or would ever willingly reside outside her borders? To live in Missouri, after residing in California, seemed to Cooper like "pulling against a cold collar."

Probably future historians will regard the dealings of President Buchanan with the Mormons in Utah as the most pusillanimous and weak of any Government act in the history of the country.

The Mormons, under the leadership of Brigham Young, were in a state of rupture with the Federal Government. I need not here enter into the details, because they would take up too much space, and are hardly within the scope of this work. The Government at Washington was ill-advised, and acted with a lack of dignity and directness that could breed naught but disrespect and contempt in the Mormons, who contended that most of the officers sent to preside over their courts were mere adventurers, of lowest grades of learning and unfitted for the duties they were expected to perform. They charged the officers with living in sin with fallen women, of being gamblers and bullies, and seeking only the one thing—gold—besides their own pleasures. Repeated efforts were made to gain the admittance of Utah to statehood, but in each instance the request was met with rebuff. Matters went on from bad to worse, with bad blood on both sides, until, in 1857, President Buchanan was advised that the Mormons refused obedience to the laws of the general government. Acting, it is said, on the advice of his cabinet, the President decided that Brigham Young should be superseded as Governor and that a force should be sent to the Territory to sustain the authority of his successor.

Contrary to the advice of General Winfield Scott, an expedition was sent to the Territory in 1857, which was

augmented, until, by June, 1858, the force amounted to more than six thousand men, with artillery and supplies in great quantity. The men who took the contracts to furnish the supplies made enormous sums of money by their transactions. The troops did nothing, however, and instead of living off the Mormons, the Mormons lived off from the troops, as we are informed by Baneroff.

To cut the story short we may say that the people of the United States paid over \$15,000,000 for the so-called Utah campaign, and, in 1860, the troops were removed, and the enormous aggregation of stores, valued at \$4,000,000, were sold for less than \$100,000. Flour which cost the Government \$570 per ton was sold at \$11. This was a terrible sacrifice to the people of the United States, but an unalloyed blessing to the Mormons.

In the spring of 1858, then, the Government was sending troops to Salt Lake to overawe the Mormons. The forces were under command of General Johnston, and heavy contracts were awarded different men for hauling supplies to the base of operations. Amongst the men who secured such contracts were Majors Russel and Waddle. These men are said to have forwarded about two thousand wagons across the plains during that year. They made up trains of from twenty to twenty-two wagons, which set out under the command of an officer, known as a "wagon-master." This official saw that the drivers took proper care of their teams, decided on the camping grounds, and exercised a general supervision over the trains. The pay was one hundred

dollars per month, and only men of approved experience were chosen.

It was Cooper's intention to endeavor to secure such an appointment, and, in furtherance of his wish, went to Independence, Jackson County, Missouri, in company with a friend named William Eubanks, to make application. Here the man showed his usual magnanimity. There was but one vacancy, and Cooper stepped aside and allowed his friend to secure the situation. Then he presented his own application and recommendations. The contractors' agent looked them over and said :

"All right. There is no further vacancy just now. Go home, and, as soon as one occurs, I will surely send for you."

"Are my recommendations not sufficient?" asked Cooper.

"Amplly sufficient," was the reply.

"Would a recommendation from Col. Peters be of value?"

"Yes. Get one from him. We know the man. His recommendation would be of great value in our eyes."

Cooper then returned home, and, in a few days, rode over to Booneville to ask Col. Peters for a recommendation. This gentleman, it will be remembered, was one of the firm of Peters & McMahon, with whom Cooper drove sheep across the plains in 1851.

On having the request preferred, Col. Peters said :  
"Yes, Cooper, I can give you a letter of recommendation as long as my arm. But, if you are going West, why don't you go with us?"

"What are you going to do?"

"I am in company with a man named Hubbard Hollister, and we are gathering a band of sheep to drive to California."

"Well," said Cooper, "if you will allow me to become a partner, I will go."

"I would like to have you go very much, Cooper," was the reply, "for I know you and feel sure you would be of great assistance to us. If you go, we shall have more money and will have to buy more sheep. I will speak of the matter to Mr. Hollister, and I think he will agree to it. Come over to the rendezvous at McCubbins' next Saturday, and we will talk it over."

Accordingly, Cooper met the men as agreed, and Col. Peters said:

"Mr. Hollister, Cooper wants to go with us in our venture, and I want him to go, because I know the man. He crossed the plains with me in 1851, and I found him very useful. I am sure we will not regret having him go."

"All right," said Hollister, "let him go. I like his countenance. He will do, I am positive." Then, turning to Cooper, he said: "Can you buy sheep? We have more money now, and we must buy more sheep."

"Yes," was answered, "I can come very near being able to buy sheep."

Inside of half an hour Cooper had started off on this business in company with a man by the name of John Ashcroft. This was in the month of April, 1858.

The plan was for Cooper to go in one neighborhood and Ashcroft in another, buying such sheep as seemed



JOSEPH HUBBARD HOLLISTER.

desirable. They avoided all black sheep, deeming such a rule best for the reason that black sheep have a tendency to stampede a flock, the sheep taking those of a dark color for dogs or wolves. The two men would continue purchasing until a sufficient number were gotten together—say three hundred—when they would take them to the rendezvous. By the last of June they had gathered up a sufficient number to make the total aggregation twelve thousand head. About six thousand were Spanish Merinos from Ohio; nearly six thousand were good American sheep, and about two hundred were Lesters and Southdowns from Lord Alexander's estate in Kentucky. There were twenty-five horses and mules, and one hundred head of cattle. Including the three proprietors, there were twenty-two men in the train.

## CHAPTER X.

At this point I enter upon a most interesting period of Mr. Cooper's life. We may say now that his life work had been found and just begun. He was thirty-two years of age, and the characteristics of the man were well developed. Life had always been earnest and real to him, but, until recently, he had been uncertain as to his pursuits and, in a measure, changeable. From now on he continued the same steady, decided man, that we know today.

About the first of July, 1858, the train moved on its way, and the long, wearisome and perilous journey to California had begun. Even now such an expedition would be looked upon as perilous and full of danger, but in those days the difficulties were one hundred fold more serious. Along the whole line of their route they must encounter wild animals, desperadoes and hostile Indians. They could not hope or expect to get through except by unrelenting vigilance and hard work.

After the Missouri compromise, a great many hard characters were prowling about the edges of the State of Kansas in that year. They were found in cañons and ravines, in out-of-the-way places of all sorts, and were likely to be overtaken on almost any road that was not much traveled. These desperate men were not at all particular in their methods, and they felt themselves bound by no law except such as was made by themselves. "Might made right" in their eyes. Peters, Hollister and



Cooper met such men repeatedly, but succeeded by diplomacy and fine tact in escaping any trouble.

One day, when they got along to the western part of Kansas, a Spanish boy about sixteen years old came to the train and asked assistance. He said he had been working on ranches and had saved up enough money to buy a mare on which he proposed to ride to his home in New Mexico. About eight miles back, he had been stopped by three men, who took the mare from him, saying he had stolen her. The boy asked that some of the men go back and try to recover the animal.

Cooper and Peters pitied the boy, and decided to return and see if they could do anything to help him. They found three Americans in a hut, off the road. They were a hard looking lot, and glared at the men as they rode up. Mr. Cooper told them the business that had brought them there, and asked if they had the mare.

"What is it to you?" asked the men.

"Nothing in the world," replied Cooper, "only we saw the boy and thought perhaps there was a mistake."

"No mistake about it," was answered. "The young hound stole the mare fast enough, and we have got it. Now, what are you going to do about it?"

"Oh, nothing. We rather pitied the boy, and thought we would look into the matter. It is nothing to us at all. We will now go on," said Cooper.

"We have known some people to get along well who minded their own business, and we have seen fellows get into lots of trouble who didn't," growled the men as our friends rode away.

As Cooper and Peters passed along toward the train they met the boy, who said he would follow on in a little while. During that night he succeeded in stealing his mare away and rode on and joined the train. He remained about half an hour, got some food for his journey, after which he put spurs to his animal and pushed on. He said the men might follow, and it would make his friends trouble, if he was found there. But the men never showed themselves to the train, and that was the last seen of the boy.

The route followed was the old Santa Fé trail through New Mexico and Arizona into Southern California. From some cause the sheep began to grow lame, and, of course, progress was slow. Frequent halts and rests were absolutely necessary. They jogged along in this manner until, on November 10, they reached Las Vegas, where, a few miles further on, they went into camp, and began preparations for the night's rest. The wagons were strung out with the cattle placed next to them one one side, the mules came next, and the sheep on the opposite side. In this way the train could be more easily guarded.

Mr. Cooper was on guard until midnight, and, up to that hour, all had been well, and nothing of moment noted. It was time for him to call another man to take his place, but he decided to make the rounds once more before he turned in. He went along slowly and silently, but suddenly stopped short! What was that just a little before him? Bears? No. He looked yet closer and more intently, and decided the objects were a

couple of men crawling towards the mules, intending, beyond doubt, to cut them out and steal a few. Cooper knew but one Spanish expression at that time. This he shouted loud: "*Ven aqui!*" (come here.) There was no answer. Again he shouted, and an answer was given in Spanish. This was not understood, and on the command being given again, the men took to their heels as fast as they could. Cooper followed as rapidly as he was able, shooting at them as he ran. But the men outran him, and, after emptying his revolver, he returned to the train. He was never sure whether he hit either of the men or not, but he often says that if he ever wounded or killed a man in his life, it was on that occasion. He truly hopes he didn't, but he never knew.

When he arrived at the wagons, Colonel Peters called out:

"Joe, what were you shooting at?"

"At some Mexicans, who were trying to steal our mules," was the reply. "If I hadn't been just in the nick of time they would have succeeded in getting away with a couple of them."

"You ought not to have done so," said Peters, "you might have hit one of them."

"Well, I hope to heaven that he hit and killed them both," said Hubbard Hollister.

Proceeding on their way they crossed the Rio Grande at a little place called Sabina, only a few miles above Socorro. This crossing was most trying, as the water was deep and cold, and it took quite a time to swim over so large a number of sheep. Cooper stood in the

water a full hour, and got chilled to the bone. After the crossing was affected the train pushed on to Fort Craig.

By this time the three partners were fully aware of the difficulties of the venture, and decided that, on account of the condition of their flocks, they would be compelled to remain in the country for some months at least. Certainly the prospects were not alluring. Every mile they passed brought them more and more into the Indian country, and but few of the men had not heard more or less of the Apaches, the bravest, most ferocious and vicious Indians on the continent. Cooper and his party were a mere handful of men, with, what would be to the Indians, large possessions—amply sufficient to tempt their cupidity and love of robbery.

The train camped along from place to place until Ft. Thorn was reached, and there made the acquaintance of the Indian agent, Dr. Miguel Steck, a splendid man from Pennsylvania. They told the agent of their condition and the imperative necessity that compelled them to remain in the country during the season. Dr. Steck listened, much interested, and finally said:

“Gentlemen, you are in rather a bad fix, for these Apaches are ugly Indians. I am on very good terms with them, and have had no trouble as yet. You see, I’ve got but a very small force of men as a garrison, and I am expecting at any time that even they will be sent away and the old fort abandoned. However, let us not borrow trouble. I will do the best I can to aid you, and

make you all right with the Indians. Suppose you get up a grand feast? Set a day, and I will come and bring with me a dozen or so of the principal chiefs to see you, and then we will talk over the matter."

It was so decided, and the second day following was designated for the grand pow-wow.

On the appointed day, Dr. Steck arrived with twelve chiefs—taciturn, murderous-looking fellows as one could find in a month's travel. All sat down to the feast, and the Indians ate as only Indians can eat. Cooked meats of several kinds, bread, dried fruits, milk, tea and coffee, and an abundance of tobacco had been provided. After the guests had become satisfied, Dr. Steck made a speech to the Indians and a regular "talk" followed. Then the Indians passed the pipe of peace all around and everyone was in good temper. Later on, the chiefs took their departure.

After the guests had departed, Cooper and his partners looked at each other and decided they must make the best of the situation. They were in the midst of thousands of the wildest and most cruel Indians then on the continent; they had not the least protection, so far as force went; they must rely entirely on what is known as *tact*. Could they possibly get through such difficulties and save life and property? It seemed very doubtful. But, remarkable as it may seem, the men remained for eight months among the Indians and met with not the least molestation from anyone. Not a single overt act, not a threat was made, and not a single animal or piece of property was taken by the Indians in all that time. It

seems as if this is a good object lesson for future dealings with the aborigines.

Sixteen of the men decided that they could not afford to wait for the train to move, so it was decided to allow them to go on to California. The men asked for one burro for each two people. This was agreed to and Mr. Cooper started off to purchase the needed animals from the little villages scattered within a radius of many miles. This necessitated a journey of over one hundred miles, through a new country peopled with men who bore the worst kind of reputations. But he got the animals, experienced no trouble whatever, and in a few days the men started on their journey, leaving Hubbard Hollister, Col. Newton C. Peters and Joseph W. Cooper, the partners, with only three men—William Fisher, James Merchant, and Chris. Muggles—to aid them in attending to the stock in the midst of all that wilderness. After the men had gone, the situation looked "awfully dark," as Cooper expressed it. "To go on in the face of such dismal forbodings was the bitterest pill I ever swallowed," said he.

As if to make matters look even worse, Col. Peters deemed it necessary that he should go back to the East, and not return until the next September.

It devolved upon Cooper to scour the country and hire Mexicans to help take care of the flocks. He had also to get supplies—going even to Ft. Craig for necessary articles. This was a journey of seventy miles.

Mr. Cooper often says: "I don't see how I ever went through with those trials. I never could have done it had it not been for that noble, high-minded man, Hubbard

Hollister, whom I loved as a brother. He had more sunshine in his presence, more nobility of character, more of the milk of human kindness, more generosity and more loyalty than one often meets in this world. I afterward met and became acquainted with his brother, the late Col. W. W. Hollister, who was a fair duplicate of Hubbard. Goodness! What a pleasure it would be to live in a world where all were like those splendid men!"

The party made the best of the matter and kept at work. There is nothing like plenty of urgent work in such cases. The flocks had to be taken to new pastures, every now and then, and all precautions were taken to prevent them from running down. Occasionally Cooper and the other men would see an Indian captive—a Mexican boy or man—pass along. Some of them had been in captivity with the Indians for two years, others for ten years. A great deal has been said of slavery in this country, but the negro slaves in the South were to be envied in comparison with the men and boys who were slaves among the Indians. Besides, in these days there was a system of peonage prevalent among the Mexicans, that was even more pitiable. A man who got into debt to another could be held in absolute bondage until the debt was paid. Not only was the man held but his children also, for three generations.

In the middle of February, being unaccustomed to that kind of food, the sheep became very poor, and at about the same time the lambs began to come. In a very little while, eight thousand lambs had been born, which, with the twelve thousand head of sheep, gave the partners

twenty thousand head in the flocks—a great number. But, when the train moved on in the following September (1859), the flocks, all told, numbered only 4,486. My readers may wonder how such a remarkable loss happened. There were several causes, but the following was the most important: the sheep had been accustomed to having their winter food prepared for them. Here they were forced to feed on the wild grass and weeds, and the result was that a very great number died. Mr. Cooper says if he was again to drive sheep, he would prefer to pay four dollars per head for such animals as had been collected, driven five hundred miles and wintered, rather than buy untried animals at one dollar each.

When the train moved forward again, two of the men, Muggles and Merchant, decided to remain in the country. By this decision only William Fish was left of the original party who had started, except the partners. Natives were hired, some of whom were purchased out of peonage.

In August they sheared their sheep and sold the wool to a man named Hayward, who lived at Doña Ana. The price paid was only 12½ cents per pound, but the proprietors needed the money to enable them to purchase supplies with which to prosecute their journey.

Meanwhile, Col. Peters had returned from his trip East and rejoined the train, and on September first the line of march was taken up, and they were again on their way to California.

Perhaps it may not be uninteresting to state here that the men had taken along with their outfit a small hand-



seine, and from the Missouri River to Los Angeles they seined every stream. Many of the rivers had disappeared during the dry season, with the exception of pools here and there, but these were usually found full of fish. In some places the men would get a bushel of nice fish—no mean addition to their bill of fare. The natives looked on in wonder. Seining for fish was a new wrinkle to them.

The journey was pursued with no incident worthy of notice until they came to Tucson, which they passed and then encamped about four miles away. Here they rested a day, preparatory to crossing the great desert to the Gila River. This was a journey of seventy miles, across burning sands, with neither feed nor water for the flocks and cattle.

On the morning of the start, they found that two of their peon boys had run away, during the preceding night. This left the train quite short of hands and, after consultation, it was decided that Col. Peters should go to Tucson and try to capture the runaways, who were in debt to the proprietors of the flocks to the sum of perhaps two hundred dollars. Besides, the parents had given instructions that the boys be restrained, even if they had to be whipped. They wished their sons to become useful men, and knew they would be well used by such men as they were with.

Cooper hitched the three wagons together and put on ten yokes of oxen. Mr. Hollister undertook to drive the sheep, and the old Mexican, Frank Montijo, was in charge of the loose cattle. In this manner the march began.

The discomforts from thirst, heat and the loose, sandy road we leave to the imagination of our readers. The animals suffered severely from all these causes. Much trouble was also experienced from the fact that the road lay parallel for a long distance with the bed of the river—six miles away—and the sheep, smelling the water and being extremely thirsty, would every now and then break away and rush towards the distant river. It took the greatest exertions to head them off and keep them on the road. The march was continued during the night and it required all the men's faculties in play to keep track of the animals in the dark. Sheep, when thirsty and approaching water, will always keep up a continuous bleating, and from this noise only were the men able to restrain and hold the animals to the road.

The task of crossing the desert was most laborious and trying to all—men as well as animals. They reached the bend of the Gila River at ten o'clock on the morning of the second day, and there found both water and feed plentiful.

Meanwhile Colonel Peters had gone to Tucson, where he sought out the constable and gave him \$30 to apprehend the runaways. He was on the lookout and got them that night. They came to a cook-shop and were there captured. The day after the train arrived at the Gila, the Colonel arrived with the boys.

The train crossed the Colorado River at Fort Yuma, and passed down along its banks until they came to a little Indian village, where camp was pitched. During the night one of the cows had dropped a calf, which,

on starting next morning, was placed in a cart. They passed over twelve miles of very sandy road and camped at about sunset. Old Frank, who had charge of the cattle, came to Mr. Cooper and was told to bring up the cow to her calf. He went away and returned in a few minutes with the information that the cow could not be found. On that fact being known, Cooper and Frank went out over the road to look up the animal. Her tracks were seen leading away over the route traversed during the day, and it was suspected that she had gone back to where the calf had been born. It had now grown quite dark, but Cooper and his man went on, expecting at any moment to hear her bell or see the cow. Neither of the men had had any supper, but on they went over the whole twelve miles of dusty road and came so close to the Indian village that they heard the men snoring in their huts. "Come, boss," said old Frank to Cooper, "let's get away from here before the Indians wake up and kill us."

They heard nothing of the cow and started back to camp. Not over three miles had been accomplished before they found they had lost their way. Lest they should get out of their way too far, they decided to lie down and wait for morning. In a little while the moon arose, when Cooper looked around and found the road within ten feet of where they were lying. This was good news and they started on their way again, arriving at camp a little before daylight. There they found the cow with her calf as happy and contented as any cow could well be. She had gone back to the Indian village, but

had taken another route when returning. Mr. Cooper says: "I did not walk those extra twenty-four miles for the sake of the value of the animal. It was done out of sympathy for the little calf, which would have died had she lost her mother." As it was, the calf lived, was driven to Los Angeles and there sold for forty dollars to the Sisters of Charity.

The train jogged on down into lower California, then up across the line into the great county of San Diego, where, as Mr. Cooper and a great many others before and after him have felt, they struck "God's own land." And California *is* God's own land, or it seems strange that He should have done so much for it.

## CHAPTER XI.

Our travelers had now accomplished their great journey. They had departed from Missouri with a great band of sheep, which they successfully drove two thousand miles, through lands occupied by hostile Indians, over great tracts of burning desert sands, where neither food nor water offered refreshment to the wearied flocks, across rivers, through chapparel growths, down into the territory of Mexico and thence up into the great state of California. They had escaped any serious illness and had met with no misfortunes that were irreparable. But above all, they had neither injured anyone nor been injured. It was in all senses a remarkable journey, and, were the reasons for their safety and good luck given, we would find them all crystallized into these three words: Care, Tact and Justice. They gave strict personal attention to all that concerned their venture. They treated everyone they met with consideration and reason. Last of all, and best of all, they acted justly towards every man in their employ and toward everyone with whom they had dealings. This was, beyond all doubt, the reason they were not molested by the dangerous Apaches.

After entering the state of California, our friends passed several of the towns and reached San Luis Rey, near which place they first met and became acquainted with George P. Tebbetts, whom they found then, as now, a well-posted, kindly disposed and agreeable man. From

him they received much information and advice which proved of great use and value later on.

They encamped near a small lake and settled down for a much-needed rest. But that same night it began to rain, and Cooper, Hollister and Peters arose, went out to take care of their flocks and were soon treated to an experience they did not anticipate. They found the sheep nervous and troublesome, running about in an unaccountable manner, and showing a dread of something that was invisible to the eyes or senses of the men. This continued for some time, when all of a sudden, and with not the least premonition, both men and animals were enveloped in the midst of a wonderful, blinding light. Nothing they had ever known was like it. The lightning comes, strikes and is gone in a fraction of a second. This came, harmed no one, and remained for over a minute. It was above, below and all around them. It entered their mouths, nostrils, ears, hair, eyes and the pores of their skin. It prevailed everywhere and in everything, yet injured nothing. Every living being, there present, stood in a refulgence of light that enveloped all, and obscured all but itself. It seemed to the men that they had made their arduous journey to California only to meet there the last day of judgment. Earth, air and sky seemed alive with this awful brilliance. After a little, it slowly faded and faded until the bodies of the animals were visible, though a remarkable phosphorescent light filled their ears and nostrils, surrounded their eyes with rings and covered their lips and chins with fire. And there they all stood, looking like beings from Pluto's realm. But the most

awful sight of all were the eight burros of the train. They stood motionless, facing the men and looking diabolical. The inner part of their long ears, their lips, nostrils and chins were covered with the seeming liquid fire, and circles of the same were about the eyes. Cooper had been raised in the belief that there was one devil—fully enough, according to the old creed—but, as he looked at those burros, gleaming with phosphorescent fire, he thought the old belief was wrong. Instead of one, there were eight devils. The remarkable part of this wonderful phenomenon seemed to be in this: The fire which enveloped them had no heat. It simply permeated all with its refulgence.

There have been many theories offered as to what this strange fire or light was. The most reasonable is that marsh gases had been generated and taken fire. Such phenomena are not uncommon and may be found described in many works of travels. They take the form of a fiery meteor and are without heat. They are called *ignis fatuus*, Will-with-the-wisp, Jack-with-the-lantern, and marsh fires.

The train passed on, arrived at San Gabriel on the fifth of January, 1860, where the men camped on and leased a ranch near Los Nietos, the owner of which, Lemuel Carpenter, had committed suicide only a few days before, on account of financial reverses. The ranch was rented by the month, the intent being to stay there only while the lambs were coming.

At that time the California wolves, known by the natives as lobos, were very plentiful and caused much

trouble and loss to ranch-men. These animals would kill young colts and calves and, in this way, wrought much loss. The people seemed at a loss what measures to take by which they could rid themselves of the nuisance. But Cooper soon showed them a way. During the first night he was on the ranch, the wolves howled and disturbed the flocks considerably. Before the second night came, doses of poison were placed about in many directions, and a goodly harvest of dead wolves was found on the ground the next morning. This was kept up with great success for some time.

Our travelers remained on this ranch until after the lambs had come and the sheep were sheared. About the first of May, the sheep began to get sick from eating malva, and it was decided to move them to the rancho San Dimas, near the spot now occupied by the town of Pomona. There was not a single house there, at that time. The property was owned by Henry Dalton. They remained on this ranch until after harvest, but the sheep did very poorly, and they were next moved to the Azusa ranch on which there were about eight hundred acres of very good stubble. This property was also owned by Mr. Dalton.

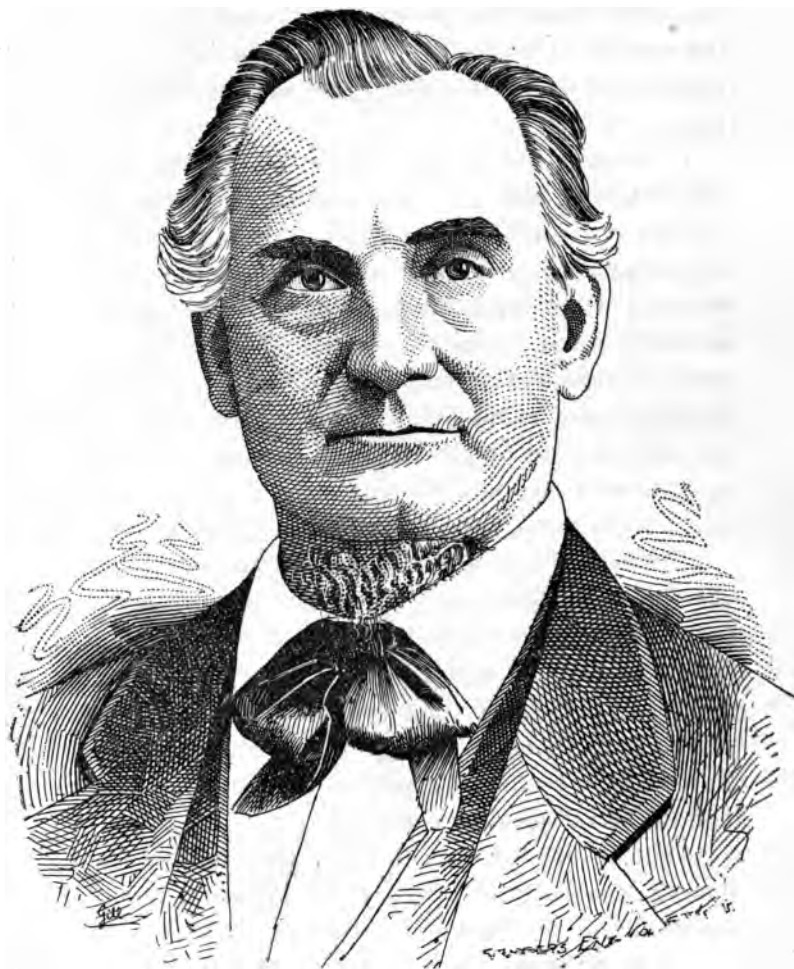
At this time, Col. Peters decided that he would prefer to have a division of the flocks, and this being done, he moved his sheep to the Zaca ranch, in the upper part of Santa Barbara County. Poor Peters! As honest a man as ever lived, he did not get much enjoyment out of life. Forever preparing and planning for the future, he died without its hoped-for happiness. He had made pre-



parations for his marriage with Miss Emma Adamson, and had gone to Petaluma, her home, but he died suddenly before the wedding took place. Cooper often said to him: "Colonel Peters, you never will reach enjoyment in this life, unless you take it as it comes." Very true words—for Colonel Peters and for all of us.

About this time, Mr. Hollister returned to Ohio for his family, leaving Cooper to manage the affairs of the firm.

On Mr. Hollister's return, January 1, 1861, the flocks were moved to the San Fernando Valley, near Cahuenga, where they remained during the balance of the year. In the summer following, the sheep were moved to higher land and wells dug—the first wells in the valley. There was now abundance of feed and water, and the affairs of the partners were in a prosperous condition. Mr. Cooper was considering a trip East and had already made some preparations. Meanwhile our old friend Col. Peters had died and his stock was to be sold on July 1, at Zaca Rancho. Mr. Thomas Dibblee, whom Mr. Cooper had become acquainted with at the Santa Anita ranch, and Robert Baker, of Los Angeles, proposed to attend the sale, and Mr. Cooper also decided to attend. This Robert Baker was a man always cordially disliked by Cooper. At the time I am writing of, he was not financially able to buy a halter to lead a calf off—even if you gave him the calf. Later on, he married the widow of Don Abel Stearns, and thereby bettered his condition materially. Messrs. Dibblee and Baker purchased the thoroughbreds and merinoes, and Mr. Cooper took twelve hundred of



COL. W. W. HOLLISTER.

the graded sheep—part of the original stock driven across the plains. This used up about all the money he had intended to devote to his trip East, so that journey was postponed.

At this sale, J. W. Cooper and W. W. Hollister met for the first time, and from that moment began that ideal friendship and affection which lasted during the balance of Hollister's life and will last, I believe, through all eternity. It is delightful to hear Mr. Cooper speak of his old comrade. Sometimes he allows his feelings full sway and becomes truly eloquent. On one occasion we were talking of what Col. Hollister had been to Santa Barbara and its people. Cooper became silent for a minute and then said, "Listen to me a few moments," and afterward used something like the following words :

"One day Jehovah said to the angels ministering about the Throne of Thrones: 'This is Sunday on earth—a hallowed day. I will use it by creating a grand object. I will make a good man.'

"Then all the angels applauded the words and said : 'Make him, Almighty Father, O, Supreme of Heavenly Thrones. Make him, the perfect man, and let us each add the best element of ourselves.'

"And so, one by one, they brought in turn, truth, honesty, generosity, loyalty, honor, integrity, industry, cheerfulness, unselfishness, devotion and mercy—reserving to the Son to add that most precious of all gifts, love for one's fellow-man. Then God took those gifts and all day long modeled and worked as only omnipotence can work, and in the evening said to all who

dwelt in heaven's courts: 'I've done a grand work. I've made a good man. But I shall never make another—the ingredients are altogether too precious and scarce. Now, ye angels, take this man to earth and watch over him in all his career.'

"It was done, and in this way earth received Col. W. W. Hollister."

In the following spring (1862), after sheep-shearing was over, Mr. Cooper, Mrs. Hollister—his partner's wife—and her two children started for the East via Panama. They went to Mrs. Hollister's home in Ohio, and thence Cooper went to his own home in Missouri. There he remained until December of the same year, when he again returned to California, very glad to get away from the scenes of war and turmoil then existing at his old home, for at that time the North and the South were arrayed in arms against each other in the throes of the Great Rebellion. Cooper went to New York on the steamer "Ocean Queen," and from there came on to this State, arriving in San Francisco about Christmas, 1862.

## CHAPTER XII.

When Mr. Cooper arrived at San Fernando, about the first of January, 1863, he found things looking very badly. In the southern part of the State a severe drouth prevailed, feed was very scarce, and sheep were poor and just beginning to lamb. This was not a very flattering prospect for a man who had been "wearing a boiled shirt" for some months past. The night before he arrived, the wind had blown off the roof of their house, and Mr. Hollister had gone to Los Angeles to get shakes to repair the damage.

About two o'clock, on the afternoon of Cooper's arrival, a shepherd who was guarding a flock three miles up the valley came in and said: "One of the bronco horses has fallen into the well and I can't get any water for the sheep." They hitched up an ox-team, put on ropes and other needed articles and started off. Arriving at the well, sure enough, there was the bronco. They pulled him out, after some difficulty, and returned home, arriving in the night. They found Mr. Hollister home from Los Angeles, and the two old comrades had a jubilee over Cooper's return, talking pretty nearly all night.

The next morning the same shepherd came again and told them there was another bronco in the well. In due time he was gotten out, but dead, as was the one who had got in at first.

In a few days, when the lambs began to come, Cooper went out to camp at the Calabasa. For six weeks the wind

blew a heavy gale down the Tejon Pass, doing so much damage and putting the partners to such inconveniences that Cooper took a dislike to San Fernando that he never, to this day, quite overcame.

The gale continued during the whole lambing season and the partners lost very many animals. Out of thirty-five or forty lambs coming during the twenty-four hours, they would only succeed in saving six or seven.

Something had to be done, especially as they saw they were in for a severe drouth. Hubbard Hollister, therefore, took a man by name of Beach and went up into the neighborhood of Bakersfield to look for pasture for the stock, leaving Cooper to carry on the shearing. One Saturday evening, about ten days after, Hollister returned and said he had found a place where they could pasture one-half of their sheep, but the balance would have to remain in the San Fernando.

This didn't suit Cooper, so he said: "I don't like that outlook, Hubbard. Before we decide, let me go out and see what I can do."

He took the stage next morning, came to Santa Barbara and then went out to Goleta, where he called on T. Wallace More at his home, and asked if there was any grass on his Lompoc ranch.

Mr. More said he didn't know, but thought there was.

"Will you rent us land for pasturage?" asked Cooper.

Mr. More answered affirmatively, adding that, if Cooper wished, he would take him up to the ranch on the following morning, and let him see for himself. This was agreeable and so arranged, but during the night Mrs.

More became quite sick, and her husband decided to send Mariano Pico with Cooper, instead of going himself.

Early the next morning the men were on the way, and rode during the whole day in the midst of a rain. They arrived at Las Cruces that night and stopped with Guillermo Abadie, who had a store in that place. The next morning they went across a part of the San Julian and arrived at Lompoc, at a point known as the Mesa, just above the valley, when they saw one of the most beautiful sights imaginable. The whole ground was covered with a rich growth of mustard in bloom—the stocks about eight feet high.

Then they rode down into the valley, and thence up the San Miguelito Cañon into La Honda, where they rode through wild oats so high that they could be tied across the saddle as they grew. The sight was most delightful to Cooper and he said to his companion :

“This will do. I don’t need to see any more. Here is all the grass that I need. No more starved sheep for me this year. I will move the flocks here and we will save them all.”

They then immediately went over to La Purissima where they remained during the night with D. W. Ap Jones. The next morning Cooper returned to Goleta, and made a bargain with Mr. More by which he was to have pasturage for the flocks at the rate of twenty cents per head. This done, he took the stage at 10.00 A. M. on his way home at San Fernando. He arrived at eleven o’clock at night and found his partner in bed, but he quickly got up to talk over the result of the expedition.

When told of how fine the feed was, and how good the prospect, Mr. Hollister could hardly believe it. The men had an "all night session," talking over their business affairs in all their different aspects. Mr. Hollister would every now and then break in with, "But, Joe, do you think there is grass enough at Lompoc?"

"Yes, yes, plenty," would be answered. "You never saw such a good sheep country before. There is plenty of feed and an abundance of water distributed all over the land. We are all right now."

Arrangements were commenced immediately by which the stock was to be moved to Lompoc. They had 11,500 sheep, which they divided into three bands; 6000 in one, 4000 in another, and 1500 in the last. This done, they moved on and reached Lompoc on May 8, 1863, making Cañada Honda their headquarters.

Hollister was much pleased at the new situation, and the arrangements made by his partner, and repeatedly remarked on the fine country.

The shepherds, also, were greatly pleased, and said to Cooper, "*No hay bomba aqui.*" (There is no pump here.)

After a little while Mr. Hollister made preparations to go East for his family, and decided that he would ship the supplies for the year to Point Concepcion, from which place they could be taken to headquarters. The next Sunday, Mr. Cooper rode over to the Point to see what sort of place it was, and what kind of road it offered, over which to transport supplies. A very few minutes satisfied him that it was about as bad a road as he ever saw over which to pass supplies in any way. In



September the goods came and Cooper had them packed over by means of mules and burros. It was a big undertaking, but successfully carried through.

Mr. Thomas Dibblee was informed of the good feed and told that there was plenty of pasturage for his flocks, if he wished to come. Hubbard Hollister saw his brother, the Colonel, at San Francisco, and advised him to go down to Lompoc with his sheep. In a little time both Colonel Hollister and Mr. Dibblee arrived.

During that autumn the great Lompoc and Mission Vieja de la Purissima ranchos were purchased for \$60,000. Colonel Hollister took one-third, A. and T. B. Dibblee one-third, and Hubbard Hollister and J. W. Cooper the balance. When the facts of this transaction were made known the San Francisco Bulletin called the men a set of blockheads for paying such a big price for the property.

At this stage of my work, I have deemed it interesting to show the tremendous real estate acquisitions of the men whose names appear so frequently in this book—Col. W. W. Hollister, Thomas B. Dibblee, Albert Dibblee, Hubbard Hollister and J. W. Cooper.

After 1864, during the drouth by which the flocks had been reduced fully two-thirds in numbers, the men had remaining fifteen thousand head of sheep. In the twelve years following that date and entirely from the increase and profits of those sheep, the men purchased the following ranchos in Santa Barbara County alone. The grand total, with the more recent additions not given in the following table, aggregates about 165,000 acres.

RANCHOS	NO. OF ACRES	TITLE—WHEN ISSUED	RECORDED IN SANTA BARBARA COUNTY
Santa Rosa. ....	15,525.55	U. S. Patent Issued 30th April, 1872	Book A, Patents, page 85
Lompoe. ....	42,085.44	U. S. Patent Issued 3d Nov., 1873	Book A, Patents, page 156
Mission Vieja de la Purissima	4,413.61	U. S. Patent Issued 7th Nov., 1873	Book A, Patents, page 163
Santa Anita. }	13,000.00*	U. S. Patent Issued 28th July, 1866	Book A, Patents, page 17
Gaviota..... }	7,500.00*†	U. S. Patent Issued 28th July, 1866	Book A, Patents, page 17
La Espada.....	15,500.00*†	U. S. Patent Issued 30th July, 1863	Book A, Patents, page 62
San Julian.....	48,221.68	U. S. Patent Issued 29th Sept., 1873	Book A, Patents, page 145
Salsipuedes.....	6,656.21	U. S. Patent Issued 18th Feb., 1874	Book A, Patents, page 169
Las Cruces (parts of).....	6,000.00*	U. S. Patent Issued 7th July, 1883	Book A, Patents, page 578

\* Estimated.

† Being segregated parts of Nuestra Señora del Refugio.

‡ Being segregated parts of Punta de la Concepcion.

Everything went on nicely and all were busy building corrals and looking after the sheep. The valley in which they were located was full of wild animals, such as bears, California lions, wildcats, lynxes, besides rattlesnakes beyond number. These creatures proved a great nuisance, and entailed a much larger amount of work than would have been necessary had they been lacking.

I will speak on the subject more fully, later on.

The season of 1861-2 had brought a terrible rainfall all over California, and great damage resulted in various parts of the State. Cities and towns were overflowed and thousands of acres of rich farming land ruined. This was particularly true of those regions where vast accumulation of hydraulic mining *debris* were sent down by the floods, burying, beyond all hope of recovery, immense tracts of fine lands. Rivers overflowed their banks or sought new channels, cutting away the soil and sending it down the stream with the rapid current. In some places—notably the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys—steamboats passed out of their ordinary channels and over land submerged to a depth of fifteen feet. This flood was productive of terrible loss to the farmers whose lands were inundated, and many of them were nearly or completely ruined financially. The loss to the whole State was very great.

One extreme is said to follow another. It did so in this present instance. In two years after the great rains of 1861-2 the most direful drouth ever recorded in California afflicted the whole State, and produced such

aggregate losses that the cattle-raising industry was, for the time being, nearly ruined.

The year before, as I have remarked, saw a severe drouth in the lower part of the State, and was felt severely by our friends in the San Fernando Valley. It was on this account that Mr. Cooper made his trip to Lompoc, which resulted in the transfer of the flocks to that place, and, later on, the purchase of the two great ranches, as I have already recorded. As Cooper went up from the San Fernando he was agreeably surprised to find a steady, marked improvement in the feed. But in the year 1864 the drouth was general all over the State, and all parts suffered.

Santa Barbara County suffered tremendous losses, financially ruining many and many a good, honest man. Early in December a very little rain fell, but it was hardly sufficient to lay the dust. Farmers and stockmen were already anxious and the cry "dry year" grew steadily more and more frequent. The month of January passed and brought no rain, though the hills and valleys were brown and bare and all of the feed had been eaten up long ago. February came and went and still no rain fell. There were yet hopes that spring rains would come and moisten the ground sufficiently to start the grass, and thus save a good part of the stock. But day after day passed and the sky showed not the least sign of rain. The stock were suffering terribly, and had grown so weak and become so reduced in flesh as to be scarcely able to stand up. Thousands were dying every day. The live-oaks were covered with foliage and hundreds

and thousands were cut down that the famished animals might be able to get a few mouthfuls apiece from the leaves and branches. But in a short time even those sources of food gave out, and the proprietors of cattle were forced to give up in despair and see their animals die on all sides. No one can adequately describe those terrible times. There were possibly over 300,000 cattle in Santa Barbara County at the beginning of 1864, but when the rains finally came, in 1865, giving grass in abundance, there were probably not over six or seven thousand left to eat it.

Mr. Cooper and his associates felt their full share of the losses from the great drouth. In the spring of 1864 they sheared 11,000 sheep which, with the lambs, made the total number 15,000 head, but when the flocks were counted in 1865 they numbered only 5,300—a loss of 9,700 in one year! The remark has often been made by Cooper that no one who was not there can appreciate the amount of mental suffering and anxiety, worry and hard work undergone by the men in their endeavors to save their flocks. Out of one hundred head of cattle they saved only fifteen. If they wished to go to any place they had to walk, as the few horses were too weak to be ridden with comfort, and besides there was nothing to feed them on.

“Was I a young man and knew that by living over again that year I would amass a great fortune, I would not do it. No, not for fifty Lompocs,” said Cooper to the writer on more than one occasion.

The subject is sad and I will not dwell longer on it.

The only thing that saved Cooper and his partners from financial ruin was the sale of their wool, which brought them in \$22,000—about \$2.00 from each sheep.

This great realization of profits was largely due to the commercial shrewdness of Albert Dibblee, who undertook the selling of the wool with the results already shown.

By accident Mr. Cooper became associated with four as noble men as ever lived in this world. I have already spoken of the Hollister brothers and Thomas B. Dibblee. A fourth is Albert Dibblee, fully the equal of the others in all senses. He is as honest a man as God ever allowed to live.

### CHAPTER XIII.

In August, 1864, a most atrocious murder took place in Lompoc Valley. Samuel Bartman, foreman for the Messrs. Dibblee, was cruelly murdered by a couple of Indians for the small amount of money he was known to have in his possession. The sum was only about forty dollars, but it was sufficient to tempt the cupidity of the Indians, and to possess it they killed a human being.

While Bartman was going his rounds on horseback, one day, suddenly a lariat came whirling around and settled about his neck. In an instant the man was jerked off his horse, and while one of the Indians held the helpless victim, the other ran up and stabbed him repeatedly. Bartman made a desperate resistance, and even after his body had been repeatedly pierced by the cruel steel, he assayed to draw his revolver. But what chance had one man, in the toils of a lariat, against two bloodthirsty Indians? None at all. As soon as he assayed to reach for his weapon, the lariat was again jerked taut and one of the desperadoes rushed in and stabbed until the poor victim was dead. They then robbed the body and hid it among some bushes in a hollow, where, eight or nine days afterward, it was discovered from seeing a lot of buzzards sailing around in the air over the place where the remains lay.

The Indians were both arrested and one of them turned state's evidence, and got off with a light sentence. The

other man was sent to San Quentin for twelve years, where he died.

Poor Bartman, his slayers said he was a brave man and made a gallant fight for his life. They had been in his employ and were under obligations to him for many a kindness.

Cooper deeply regretted the man's death, as he knew and valued him. Only about a month before, Bartman had decided to give up his situation and go elsewhere, but Cooper had persuaded him to remain. It was ever after a grief to him to think he had done so, because had the man gone away, the probability is that he would have escaped such an awful fate. But who can tell?

The prevalence of wild animals has been mentioned in the preceding chapter. I deem the subject of sufficient interest to warrant me in recalling a few of the experiences and adventures which befell our friends in Lompoc Valley when the country was new and there were no houses and few inhabitants.

Probably no hunter ever stepped foot in a land that harbored so many grizzly bears (*Ursus horribilis*), California lions or pumas (*Felis concolor*), lynxes, wildcats and coyotes (*Canis lutrans*) as had Lompoc Valley in the years of which I am writing. When Mr. Cooper first went there, the people living in Santa Ynez and La Purissima asked him how he managed to prevent his shepherds leaving.

"By paying them good wages, feeding and treating them well," he would answer. "Why do you ask?"

"Because we would not herd sheep in such a place



if you would give us the Lompoc ranch, sheep and all. The valley is full of bears and California lions, and we would expect to be torn in pieces and eaten."

"We look out for our men. Shepherds, if they are in, their proper places, are behind their flocks, which is in itself a protection, as they, going ahead, scatter the wild animals or draw their attention and thus allow the shepherds to take care of themselves."

The greatest trouble experienced at first was from the grizzly bear, which, while preferring beef, took very kindly to lamb and mutton. Against their depredations all energies were bent, and many an exciting conflict was the result.

In May, 1865, the cattle having died or all been taken away, thus depriving bruin of his favorite meat, the sheep were the particular objects of his onslaught. It was no uncommon thing for bears to be in some sheep corral every night or two, and Cooper recalls their having gone to as many as three in one night, and in one corral there would sometimes be three bears.

One night, while camping with a man named Alexander Munson and a Mexican named Aguillon, Cooper went to guard a corral. He had an old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifle, Munson a double-barreled shot-gun and Aguillon a club. The weather was dry and there was no camp-house, the Mexican sleeping upon a sort of rude bed made of poles.

The bears had been in the corral the night before, but when it got to be eight o'clock and no bears

appeared, Cooper said he didn't think the bears would come that night.

But old Aguilon knew better, and said: "*No hay cuidado, señor*, they will be here pretty soon."

Cooper took his rifle and walked away from the camp-fire. When he had gone about half way the length of the string of corrals he sniffed a peculiar odor, and in a short time heard a crackling sound. The next moment three objects appeared, looking as big as black horses, and began to jump over the fence. In an instant pandemonium seemed let loose. The sheep frantically rushed from side to side of the corral, bells tinkling and dust arising in clouds. In a foggy night a dark object looks even bigger than it does in daylight, and one can see such an object plainer on such a night than he could were it of lighter color.

At sight of the bears Cooper ran back to the other men, so that the attack could be made by all together at the same time. The men started, groping their way along in the dust, not knowing when the sheep or bears would run against them, so great was the darkness caused by the dust. When the men got about one-third across the corral the sheep stopped running and the dust soon subsided sufficiently to allow the men to see. There stood one of the bears busily engaged in tearing a sheep to pieces, and presenting his side quartering to Cooper, who dropped down on his knees, raised the muzzle of his gun until it was in line with the animal and pulled the trigger. Immediately bruin opened his mouth and gave a yell that made the men shudder. The bear then

ran. There was an empty corral adjoining, and, in the mêlée, some of the sheep had got into this place. During the shooting the two other bears were in this corral devouring the few sheep found there. The men stood in silence a moment, when one of the two uninjured bears began to moan and scream in a terrific manner. She had discovered that Cooper had killed her two-year-old cub. Cooper then ran up and fired both barrels of Munson's shot-gun at the bears, who left the corral and ran crying up and down the line of fence, but not showing any signs of running away. Cooper loaded the shot-gun again and fired—making four shots fired before the animals stopped crying and ran away. The men found the dead animal lying where he had fallen. He weighed about four hundred pounds. During the same night another corral on the ranch had been invaded by one bear, and still another corral, also on the same ranch, had been entered by two bears. This was a pretty good night for bears, and I am not done with their work yet. Cooper had a big ox which had been driven from Ohio. The animal was killed by a bear that evening. This happened in about the center of what is now the town of Lompoc.

About half a mile from where Cooper and Hollister lived there was an Indian named Julian, who had been in their employ for a year past. He was located behind a high hill which entirely cut off the view between the two places. Between his camp and Cooper's was another camp occupied by a California boy. This was

about three hundred feet distant from Cooper's house. One day Julian came to Cooper and said :

"*Dos osos entraron mi corral anoche.*" (There were two bears in my corral last night.)

"Why didn't you shoot them?" said Cooper.

"Why," said Julian, "I tried to, but my gun went *pische*"—showing that the gun had not been properly loaded.

"I will give you a lot of bullets and slugs that I have cut," said Cooper. "You must put in *bastante polvera* (plenty powder) and hammer it down with your ramrod. Next put in a piece of wadding and then put in the balls and slugs, and hammer all down again."

About nine o'clock that night, as Cooper and Hollister were in bed talking, suddenly they heard a very loud report of a gun. Both men jumped up and ran out without waiting to put on their clothes, supposing the Spanish boy, near by, had shot a bear. They ran to his camp, but found him asleep. He had not even heard the report. They then returned to their beds.

Early the following morning old Julian came up and said :

"*Yo mate un oso, anoche, a pico falto me matera tambien.*" (I killed a bear last night, and nearly killed myself also.)

Julian showed his shoulder which was mashed and bruised badly by the recoil of the gun. In "kicking," the gun probably knocked the poor man end over end. He must have put a load in the gun that half filled it to the muzzle, and then hammered it down with the

ramrod as Cooper had told him. The wonder is that the gun had not exploded.

A great many of the bears were poisoned with strychnine. The men would take the hindquarters of a dead sheep and put in one-third of a one-eighth ounce bottle of the deadly stuff. This is just the correct dose. Many people make the mistake of not using enough, fearing that the bear's stomach will eject the poison, if there is too much. The idea is wrong. If more is used than is needed, the only result will be that the bear will die the sooner.

About this time, the partners had in their employ a man named Jack Brown. One day, while going down the San Miguelito Cañon with an ox-team for a load of lumber, Jack handed the whip to Cooper, remarking, "Keep the oxen moving and I will run down to the creek and get a drink of water." The creek was only about fifty feet distant from the road, and in a minute the man returned, saying there was a big bear lying dead in the stream.

"Let's pull him out," said Cooper, "and not let him lie there and defile the water."

They hitched on and pulled him out. He was a monstrous grizzly, and must have weighed not less than eight hundred pounds.

The men then went on down the cañon to the Mission, got their load, and in coming back Jack said, "let us go look again. Maybe I will find another bear." He ran down and sure enough, there lay another bear within fifty steps of where the first lay. They pulled him out

and found him as large a fellow as the first. Very likely there was not another bear anywhere about in the whole length of the stream, though there might have been, as the men had been putting out poison right and left. Scores were killed in this way.

Another young man in Mr. Cooper's employ, was John T. Lacey, a very nice young fellow from Buffalo, N. Y., who had formerly been in the employ of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express. He had a camp on this stream (the San Miguelito), guarding a band of sheep. One night he had part of a sheep hanging from a tree within thirty feet of where he lay. While Lacey was asleep, a bear came into the place, took the meat, ate it up and went away again. This was a little too much to stand, and the next day Lacey came to Cooper and said:

"I guess I have had enough of bear, and now I will go back to Buffalo." (His home.)

They settled up and the man quit work and went away.

Dutch John, herding a band of sheep for the Dibblees on the same ranch, one day had a little dog with him. They came in sight of a bear eating a dead cow. The dog ran up to the bear and began to bark, when suddenly bruin whirled around, and slapping the dog across the head with his paw, killed him instantly. Then, catching sight of the man, he made for him. But John didn't care for a closer acquaintance, and ran as fast as his legs would carry him to his cabin, got in and closed the door. One lick of those powerful paws would have knocked the door to smithereens, but bruin had driven the man

out of sight, and did not bother himself any more about him. He drank a pail of water that stood near by and contentedly went back and resumed his meal of raw beef.

On another occasion George H. Long, foreman for the Messrs. Dibblee, on the same ranch, was riding one of the work-horses. In passing through a patch of mustard, Long saw what he took to be a couple of little black pigs. They were cubs, and while looking at them he was horrified to see the mother bear suddenly spring up near by. The man wheeled his horse and made tracks as fast as possible, with the bear after him. In his haste he lost his hat, and a moment later in going over a depression in the ground the clumsy old horse stumbled and threw Long off, so that when he got to his feet the bear was within six feet of him. Bruin rose up and was just about to make the attack, when one of the cubs screamed, and hearing it the bear wheeled around and scampered off to her baby. Beyond all doubt, it was to the cub's yell that Long owed his life. The next day he returned to look for his hat and found it torn to shreds.

Another experience, rather laughable to us who read it now, but quite different to the participants, happened about this time.

One night Cooper took a couple of boys and went up the San Miguelito Cañon to guard a sheep corral. The boys had each a shot-gun, and Cooper carried an old style Hawkins muzzle-loading rifle. (The improved rapid-firing guns had not been invented at that time.) Cooper's gun was like a bronco horse early in the

morning—sometimes it would go off well, and at other times it would not move a peg. It would buck in an alarming manner.

Cooper left the boys at the camp-house and went down around the curve toward the gate, in front of which he found two large bears, sitting on their haunches. He got down upon his knees, expecting surely he would shoot one of the animals, but his gun would only snap, snap, snap, and not throw the hammer. The bears saw the man, and began to approach. They got to within fifty feet of him when Cooper drew his revolver and began to fire to get rid of them. Two shots sent them away. Within half an hour another bear jumped over the corral fence and all the force blazed away at him with guns and rifle. The bear scrambled and ran off—it was supposed he was wounded. The men looked for the bear, but, not finding him, sat down by the corral. After remaining there an hour and a half they began to get sleepy. They were nearly dozing when, all of a sudden, only a short distance away, a bear began to bawl. The men supposed he was the one they had wounded, who, having revived, was coming back to “chew up” the wicked man who had shot him. The whole party made a bolt for the cabin door, but, getting their guns crossed, none of them could get in. There they stood, each crying: “Get in, get in, for God’s sake, get in!” but for a few minutes none of them could do so, as no one was willing to get away from the door. They were a badly frightened lot.

Quite a laughable incident is also related in which



Hubbard Hollister acted a prominent part. Old Tom Zimmonds, a neighbor, told Hollister he had a very fine bear dog that he knew "would tackle any bear that wore hair on his back." He brought the dog over, and the next night Hubbard took him out for a trial. With one of the boys he went to the San Miguelito Cañon. After going on a little way the dog got on ahead and was soon out of sight. In a few moments they heard a terrible snorting, mingled with the barking of a dog, and soon along came the "dog that would tackle a bear" with his tail between his legs, followed by a big bear. The dog was making directly for the spot where Hollister and the boy stood.

The wind had blown over a small tree, allowing the trunk to hang about six feet from the ground. Hollister made haste and straddled the trunk, and the boy scrambled up next to him, with their legs hanging down to within three feet of the ground. The dog came directly under the man's feet and there remained. The bear came up to within a few yards of the place, looked at the men a minute and then wheeled off and went out of sight.

Hubbard got down from his perch, and said to the dog: "You are a damned pretty sort of a bear dog, now aren't you?" What in thunder did you bring that bear here for? I've a good mind to shoot you, you cur."

Naturally when this little episode was made known to Mr. Cooper he got a good deal of fun out of it at the expense of his friend.

"Why didn't you shoot the bear, Hubbard?" he asked.

"Oh, I'd have been a damned fool to shoot at the animal with such an old shot-gun that couldn't more than wound, and thus provoke him to come and eat me. Besides I wasn't after that bear. I was only trying the dog."

"The dog was all right, he was only doing his duty," Cooper would rejoin. "He took the bear to you so that you could shoot him. Besides, if he hadn't brought the bear to you, you might have disputed his veracity and denied that there was any bear there."

A great many such incidents could be related. Indeed, they were almost of every-day occurrence in the valley for a long time. The men were likely to meet bruin at nearly any place. The wonder is that with the imminent danger more of the people didn't get hurt, not to say killed.

As I have said, the place was full of wild animals, and many an incident could be related of conflicts with other creatures besides the bears.

The pumas or California lions were very abundant, and caused great loss and annoyance from their depredations. They were particularly fond of young colts, but when they were lacking did not disdain from making a meal from a calf, sheep or deer. Much has been written of this animal, and many an interesting, if exaggerated, yarn has been told of its ferocity and daring. This is largely to be laid to the work of newspaper men and magazine writers, who often write of what they do not know, thus doing great harm from their misrepresentations.

Mr. Cooper is probably as good authority concerning the animal as one can desire, as he lived where they were abundant, and has killed hundreds of them—as many as three in one day and night. In his opinion the puma is the most sneaking and cowardly animal that lives—a regular desperado among animals; a murderer that kills for the sake of killing, but never attacks unless the odds are overwhelmingly in his favor. Cooper says during the early years in the Lompoc Valley he has shot a great many with a pistol. He has seen them, after being wounded, fall from a tree on a limb of which they were lying and at once make for another tree, instead of attacking their assailant. During all those years in the valley, Mr. Cooper never knew of an instance where a man was attacked by a lion.

That the animal is very powerful and under some circumstances would be very dangerous is quite true. Indeed, had the puma a courage that equals its strength it would be one of the most formidable of animals. But fortunately it lacks courage, and, unless cornered or attacked when with its young, it is not much to be feared, notwithstanding the yarns of newspaper men and dude hunters to the contrary. Were a puma caught in a cabin and were a man to enter the room, the puma would get out of the door as it was opened, if possible. In its efforts to get out and escape it might run against and injure the person in the way, but the puma's whole desire would be simply to escape.

As was said, pumas caused great losses to the stockmen and sheep-growers. Mr. Cooper tells of instances where

a single puma would get into a corral and rend and kill twenty-five or thirty sheep in a single night. They would simply suck the blood and leave the bodies on the ground. There is, however, one good feature about the California lion—it will kill all the coons in the neighborhood, and, to a person whose garden has been ravaged by these little animals, their destruction is a good office. A California lion equals a negro in his love for coon flesh. If one is around, the lion will be very sure to capture and eat it.

In Mr. Cooper's opinion, wild cats and lynxes are far more likely to attack a person than the lion. These animals have great ferocity and courage, are extremely quick in movement and have been known to make unprovoked attacks on men.

Another pest our friend had to fight in the Lompoc Valley in these early years was the coyote. This is the shrewdest animal on the Coast, and shows more reasoning powers than all the pumas, wild cats and lynxes combined.

The great weapon used against the coyote is poison, but he must be poisoned with the first dose, or you will never catch him again. As was noted in the remarks on the poisoning of bears, many people make the mistake of not using enough strychnine in their baits for the coyote. If he once gets the taste of the poison and it doesn't kill him, he becomes a dangerous animal, and you can never catch him again—except in a trap or with a shot-gun.

Coyotes not only show a rare degree of cunning, but they often show a vein of real humor. For some time

Mr. Cooper had been troubled by visits to his corrals, and finally made up his mind that Mr. Coyote was the visitor. A lamb would disappear nearly every night, and it got to be a genuine nuisance, as well as loss. So it was decided to put a stop to all further depredations by a dose of poison.

A couple of disowned lambs were killed, and, after being "salted" with poison, placed a little distance from the corral, on each side of a trail used by the coyote. The work had been carefully done, and developments were awaited with some considerable interest.

The next morning disclosed the fact that Mr. Coyote had come down the trail and gone out of the path and looked over the dead lambs lying on either side. He then went to the corral, got a nice lamb, took it to the trail and sat down just between the two baits and there ate his meal. This was not enough to show his contempt for Cooper's work. He went one step further, and daubed dirt over the bait. If this did not show supreme contempt, how was it possible for an animal to show it?

In the early fifties a large and profitable business was found in driving cattle from the southern counties to the mines in the northern part of the State. Men would come to this part of the State, purchase all the cattle their money would allow, drive them up to the mines and then sell them at a handsome advance, making the ventures very remunerative.

Here is a little story that was told to Mr. Cooper. It illustrates still further the fact that the coyote was an objectionable animal to have around:

A party of men from the northern counties, among the number a Mr. Harold, a relative of the Owens family of La Patera, went south to buy cattle. They carried their money in buckskin bags, strapped to the saddle. The party encamped in the San Fernando Valley, and placed their bags of money on the ground beneath their saddles. The next morning, when the men prepared to start toward Los Angeles, a bag of money was missing. Among the party was a Frenchman, employed as a cook. This man was accused of being the thief. He vehemently denied all knowledge of the missing money, but the men insisted that he had hidden it away. They tried to compel him to acknowledge his crime. He refused. They then threatened to shoot, to hang, to skin him alive. It was of no avail. The man strenuously denied taking the money. After awhile the Frenchman was set free, driven from the camp and the men went on their way. They purchased and drove north all the cattle they had money to pay for, and in a short time, the same party started back to buy another drove of cattle. In passing within a few hundred yards of where they had previously encamped at San Fernando, one of the men saw something shining on the ground. In order to get a better look at the object, the man dismounted and suddenly gave a yell! He had found the lost gold, his own money! A coyote had dragged the bag away from under the saddle, in order to eat the buckskin of which it was made. The shreds about the mouth of the bag were proof of this. A small part of the money was scattered about on the ground, but every dollar

Coyotes sometimes become extremely hungry, in which case they will eat even the lariats with which horses are tied when out to feed.

Lompoc Valley in those days produced an immense crop of another nuisance. Never was there a place on this Coast that was more infested with snakes of all kinds, the most numerous of which was the rattlesnake, also the most venomous and deadly. Go where you pleased and you would find these disgusting reptiles. They lay coiled upon the rocks, under the bushes, along the road-side and trails, got into the cabins and were almost omnipresent. They were short, thick, copper-colored objects, disgusting to look at and deadly to touch. Their presence was a constant menace, though, strange to say, no one was bitten by them. Mr. Cooper ascribes this fact to the prevalence of the chilly fogs, which rendered them less active than it is likely they would have been, had the climate been warmer. As many as six or seven snakes a day were often killed by one sheep-herder.

From his surroundings, which called for constant practice, Cooper became an excellent, all-around shot, and decidedly an expert with the revolver. Particularly did he show skill as a pistol shot in the dark. This was a most useful accomplishment in his line of work, and to it he owed his escape from many a dangerous situation.

## CHAPTER XIV.

I have traced the route taken by our friends as they came from Missouri down through Arizona, New Mexico, Old Mexico, into the great State of California, and thence up to the northern part of Santa Barbara County. I have shown the difficulties and dangers that had to be met at nearly every step and at nearly every moment. I have shown them in the midst of wild Indians, whose reputation for ferocity and looting was among the worst borne by any tribe of aborigines on the American continent—yet the men and their flocks passed through the land unharmed. I have depicted them in the San Fernando Valley with starving flocks, and meeting loss upon loss—yet they pulled through and did not despair. I have shown them in the Lompoc Valley, contending against wild animals and drouth, with their flocks dwindling away, until only one-quarter of the original number remained—but the men never doubted of their ultimate success.

Right here the question may well be asked, were those men possessed of superhuman power or extraordinary ability that they should over-ride all danger and conquer all difficulties? If not, then how did they succeed so well? How did they turn disaster into success? How did they accumulate great fortunes, where other good men failed, and failed miserably?

I may answer that the Hollisters, Cooper



Dibbles were men of the utmost integrity, and accorded full justice to everyone they met or had dealings with. They were men of their word, and their bonds were not one whit better than their words. It was on this account that the Apaches gave them no trouble. It was from this that the men in their employ were so zealous and faithful in their service. They paid good wages, gave the men plenty of good wholesome food, and best of all, showed them they were employed by men who were interested in their welfare. But there is yet more to say: All the men were workers themselves, and gave strict attention to all the little details of their business. They never gave themselves up to leisure, when there was work to be done.

The winter of 1865 brought good rains, and a series of prosperous years followed. The wild animals were by this time pretty well subdued, and the business of sheep raising went on prosperously. The prices of wool ranged high, and mutton and stock sheep commanded good returns. A two-year-old-sheep sold for from \$3.50 to \$3.75. Unwashed spring wool sold at from twenty to twenty-six cents, and during one year the price ran up to forty cents.

Mr. Cooper is a walking cyclopedia of information relative to sheep-raising. In his opinion, the best and most profitable animal is the Spanish Merino. There are several reasons for this: the Merino is hardy and requires less food than a larger sheep—thus allowing more to be kept to the acre. An acre of good grazing land will easily keep one sheep—one-sixth of what is necessary

to keep one cow. Of course the quality of land varies and the yield of feed which an acre produces in one place would require six or ten acres in other parts of the country. In general, the better the land is adapted to the raising of corn and other agricultural products, the better it is for raising feed for sheep.

The ranges in this county are covered with a mixture of bur-clover, alfalfa, wild oats and several kinds of bunch grass; the first two mentioned being by far the best for sheep. Of late a great nuisance has made its appearance and worked much detriment to the ranges. It is known as fox-tail grass (*alopecurus Californicus*), and was introduced from the Old World. It has become very plentiful and is a new evil with which the sheep-raiser and cattleman must contend.

Mr. Cooper frequently affirms that the upper part of Santa Barbara County (Lompoc and vicinity) was the finest sheep country he ever saw. The soil is very rich, needing only rain to bring forth an abundance of feed.

As a business, sheep-raising is very pleasant, though it requires constant attention, for the sheep must be guarded and herded, rain or shine. All will go well, usually, if there is plenty of grass.

To go somewhat into detail, we may say that the sheep are generally run in flocks of from two thousand to two thousand five hundred, doing better if the flocks number not over fifteen hundred. The seasons for lambing and shearing are very busy, and there is a hum of industry permeating all, that makes the time slip away very idly. The old plan of running the sheep in la

and then, in the seasons of lambing, separating the mothers and lambs from the main flock was exceedingly troublesome and involved much labor. It is rarely used at the present time. I believe the plan in vogue now—placing five hundred or six hundred ewes in a flock with a shepherd in charge—was originated by Mr. Cooper. By this method, the sheep require no further separation. It saves a great deal of trouble, annoyance and confusion, and is far less wearing on the superintendent or man in charge.

Often ewes with twin lambs will disown one of them, and in order to save both, it is necessary to find a mother for one of them. It is usual to select a sheep, whose lamb was born dead, and get her to adopt the little stranger. This often involves considerable *finesse*. Mr. Cooper used to practice the following method: put the mother of the dead lamb into a corral about six feet square. Then take the skin, heart and liver of the dead lamb placing the skin over the body of the lamb desired to be adopted. The head and parts uncovered by the skin are next rubbed over with the heart and liver and the deception is now complete and the ewe will generally adopt the lamb immediately. In this way thousands of lambs have been saved by Mr. Cooper.

Marking the lambs is also a work that has to be done and during its progress there is much hurry and bustle. In this work experienced hands become very proficient, and a lamb is caught, marked and turned loose in a wonderfully short time. The men go from corral to corral, castrating the bucks, marking the ears, and cutting off

the tails to a length of from one to one and one-half inches. To see a flock of sheep with tails three or four inches long is good evidence that the person who has them in charge is not a man thoroughly posted in the sheep business. In treating five or six thousand lambs, in the manner described above, the loss ought not to be over a dozen at most. Sheep are liable to many troubles. They frequently become injured and almost at once flies will fasten themselves to the wounds which in a very little while become tormented with maggots. To Mr. Cooper's mind there is no remedy equal to calomel for this trouble. One of the most serious drawbacks is a disease known to sheepmen as the "scab." Much has been written on the subject, and many remedies—more or less good—have been proposed. The Messrs. Dibblee and Col. Hollister, who were probably as good authorities on the subject as ever lived, favored a dip made of a decoction of tobacco and sulphur. Mr. Cooper used a dip with sulphur and mercury. Both were found very efficacious.

There are few more beautiful objects in the world than a fine sheep range in Santa Barbara County. The undulating vista of hills and dales, the vivid green of the feed in its season, the shepherds with their flocks, and above all, the beautiful blue of the cloudless sky, all combine to make a picture that once seen can never be forgotten.

Much might be written on the subject of feed. Many people will turn their flocks into a range where the grass stands highest, and the growth is rank. In a little while they are surprised to find their sheep are not doing well.

They imagined, because there was so much grass, that the feed must build up the sheep at an extraordinary rate. This, of course, is a mistake, as they soon find out. Grass that grows from fifteen to eighteen inches high will feed more animals, and carry them on better than such as grows three times as high. The reason is that such grass as grows low contains more nourishment and is sweeter than the taller product. This is a point well worth remembering.

The shepherd dog has had his share of attention from writers, who have given his characteristics their full modicum of praise. He takes kindly to sheep, is smart, intelligent, ready and willing for any kind of exertion, gentle in disposition and very tractable. In many ways a good shepherd dog is a most desirable acquisition to the range. On his last journey across the plains, Mr. Cooper had eight of the animals. Speaking of them and shepherd dogs in general, he affirms they are in most cases a detriment rather than a benefit to the owners of flocks. This is not so much the fault of the dogs as of the shepherds handling them. A man working for a stated salary will often become lazy and use a dog's legs instead of his own. In this way the grass is torn up, the sheep are unduly worried (and of course lose flesh), the flocks are tangled and often run into a gulch, by which numbers are killed or wounded. In nine out of ten cases where a dog is used, the shepherd could do the work far better himself—if he studied his employer's interests as much as he studied his own ease. Like fire, a shepherd dog is very useful, if he is thoughtfully and carefully

managed, but also like fire, he is a terrible curse, if not properly handled.

Mr. Cooper had a very intelligent little animal that he brought to California. It was born in New Mexico and there trained until it became exceedingly proficient, and showed a surprising intelligence. She had a natural antipathy to all kinds of snakes, and would attack and kill them wherever found. One day she attempted to collar a big rattlesnake, and he in turn set his fangs into her. This was a close call for the little creature, but her master gave prompt attention and care and Miss Jennie got over the wound and poison all right. This did not in the least abate her inclination to kill snakes, but it taught her discretion. From that time she did not attack a rattler, but watched him, and barked until somebody came and killed the creature. This antipathy to snakes shown by Jennie, served Cooper well on more than one occasion. If he had her with him, he walked anywhere feeling perfectly secure that no snakes were around. One night he had a very narrow escape from a rattler. He had been out on the range and, when he got to his cabin, it was dark as a pocket. As he opened the door, the dog entered in advance and at once began to jump around and bark. Cooper got a light, and then saw what was the trouble. A monstrous rattlesnake was coiled up in the center of the floor ready to set its venomous fangs into whomsoever came near.

"Take it all in all," said Cooper, "if the shepherd dog was entirely dispensed with on the range, sheep husbandry would be much better off. That is my experience."



MR. COOPER AT FORTY.

## CHAPTER XV.

In 1866 our friend was forty years of age, and I may not with propriety call him "young Cooper" any more. During this year, Hubbard Hollister purchased the Chorro and San Lusita ranches in San Luis Obispo County, and moved there with his family. The distance from the Lompoc ranch is not great, but small as it is, it separated Mr. Hollister from his friend Cooper, who had grown more fond of him as the days rolled by. Mr. Hollister was always so sunny, so cheery and companionable that his departure from Cooper's every-day life was a decided loss. Life on a ranch at best is lonely, and one can easily imagine what the loss of so agreeable a companion was to his friend. Mr. Hollister's departure had no effect on the partnership, which was continued until after his death, as I will show further on.

The business continued prosperous, and prices for both wool and mutton ruled satisfactory to the producers. In this way things went on smoothly, and our friends gradually recovered from the effects of the great drouth.

One day in 1869 Cooper was in Santa Barbara in company with Thomas B. Dibblee. While the men were standing in front of the old American Hotel on State street, a gentleman came along and Mr. Dibblee said :

"Mr. Hinchman, this is Mr. J. W. Cooper, who is renting the ranch of your mother-in-law, Mrs. Cota. I



believe he would like to buy the ranch, if he could get it at a fair figure."

"That is just what we would like to have him do," said Hinchman. "Mrs. Cota has no use for the land, and I think the money would do her much more good. Make me an offer, Mr. Cooper."

"Well," said Cooper, "I will give you \$25,000 for the property."

"That is a very liberal offer, and I will go and speak to Mrs. Cota of the matter at once," said Hinchman.

"Why in the world did you offer \$25,000 for that land," asked Mr. Dibblee, as Hinchman went away to consult Mrs. Cota. "It is a big price and at least \$5,000 more than she expected to get. I know you could have got it for \$20,000."

"Mr. Dibblee, you are a good lawyer and a smart man, as I well know. But in some things I think I know as much as you do. This is one of those things. Mrs. Cota was not expecting to get so much as I am offering, and therefore will be the more likely to accept my offer, for fear I will back down."

The truth is \$25,000 *was* a big figure for the property in those times.

"If I offer \$20,000, about the sum she is expecting," continued Cooper, "She will call in all of God's creation for consultation, and they will all throw cold water on the matter, and she will become rattled and confused, and the result follows that I fail to get the land at all."

In about twenty minutes, Mr. Hinchman returned and said he had seen Mrs. Cota, who was satisfied, and would

accept the proposition. "But," said he, "it is my duty to see if I can get a bigger price."

Hinchman then called on Mr. Browning, who was buying ranches for the Pierce Brothers of San Francisco. "O," said Browning, it is too big a price—much more than it is worth. Let the man have it. He is a fool."

Then Hinchman returned to Cooper, and told him what Browning had said. "All right, get your deeds ready," replied Cooper, "I will pay \$5,000 in cash and give four notes of \$5,000 each to run one, two, three and four years, with interest at twelve per cent. But I must have the privilege of taking up any or all of the notes at any time before maturity."

The next thing to do was to get the money with which to make the first payment of \$5000. Mr. Cooper knew Col. Hollister had just sold the San Justo ranch and had the cash. The Colonel was applied to and readily furnished the needed money.

It was in this sudden manner that the famous Santa Rosa ranch was purchased by Hubbard Hollister and J. W. Cooper.

Mr. Cooper very soon moved to the newly acquired property and immediately began the work of improvement. He found nothing on the land but an adobe house, with its tile roof and dirt floor. There was not a pane of glass in the house, and not a corral on the whole place where they could even catch a sheep for mutton. When a sheep was required, they had to use several men to get the animals together, and then reach in with a crook and catch such a sheep as they wished. There was not even a

pen in which to separate a cow from her calf so as to get milk for coffee. None of the land was cultivated, and not a fruit tree grew upon the place. Indeed, there was nothing but the soil, which Mr. Cooper knew very well only needed work to make the place a beautiful estate.

Everything went on prosperously, and improvements sprang up on all sides. A portion of the flocks was moved to the new ranch and the balance left at Lompoc, the business of running both estates being undertaken.

As Mr. Cooper became more acquainted with the Santa Rosa ranch he became more pleased, and more than ever convinced that he and his partner had obtained a grand estate. The climate is excellent, the location being just near enough to the ocean to get all the good results from the fog, and yet distant enough to escape its bad features. This peculiarity of location allows several important crops to be grown that are usually failures in places nearer the ocean. This is notably the case with wheat, which matures and ripens on the Santa Rosa ranch to as perfect a grain as was ever seen.

Another characteristic of the ranch is this: the valley and hills are so thoroughly commingled that best results are obtainable in many ways. The land is well watered by the Santa Ynez River, which passes through its whole length—a distance of perhaps seven miles—and there are about one hundred springs scattered over the place.

The timber is live oak, cottonwood, sycamore, elder, maple and a small quantity of white oak. In speaking of timber, Mr. Cooper says his experience has always been to steer clear of land which bears much white oak,

for it has been noticed that, wherever these trees flourish, the nights are cold and the days are hot. They seem to love a kind of soil that is unreliable for agricultural purposes and feed. It is known as a granite soil—filled with pebbles—the deeper one goes into it the larger the pebbles. There is usually no subsoil, and unless rains come early and late, good crops cannot be counted on. We find this soil at the Paso Robles, the College ranch, and in the Ojai Valley. Time and time again, since Mr. Cooper owned the Santa Rosa ranch, he has had plenty of grass, when there was great scarcity at the College ranch, and this must ever be the same, unless they introduce irrigation on a large scale. I have heard Mr. Cooper say that were one hundred and sixty acres of the College ranch given, the deeds recorded, the land all taken and all costing the settlers not one dime of money, the people who received the gifts would starve inside of fifteen years, unless they got outside help. This was said, of course, from a grain and grazing point of view. Even in this, Cooper may be mistaken, but time will show.

A person seeking land on which to make a home need make no inquiry as to the soil, if he finds a tract that produces the larger elder, and plenty of bur-clover and alfalaria. He has as good as there is, if such products are seen. While on this topic, I may note a characteristic of the Santa Rosa ranch. There is abundance of the largest and finest elder to be found anywhere. Specimens measuring three feet in diameter are not rare and some have been found that measure five feet through. A specimen

was sent to the World's Columbian Fair in Chicago, in 1893, that measured two feet in diameter. The only reason this specimen was selected, instead of a larger, was on account of its being almost entirely solid. We, who have lived in the eastern states, know that elder is rarely found even four inches in diameter, and that has a monstrous pith in the center. We learned this in making our pop-guns, when boys.

The soil of the Santa Rosa ranch is black loam with occasional patches of sandy loam. There is but little adobe. A great feature of the soil is its remarkable depth. It is no exaggeration to say that places are not difficult to find where the soil is found to measure full forty-five feet.

Of course, such a fertile soil must produce remarkable crops. Mr. Cooper was always very fond of raising corn, so, as soon as he got some fields fenced off, in went a seeding on the Santa Rosa ranch. Two fields were prepared, one of which contained twenty-two acres. The soil was broken up in January, and then allowed to remain until March 20, when it was broken up a second time and corn drilled in every third row, as the plow went along. There was no more work done on the land except to thin out the young plants, nor did a drop of water fall on it. In the following autumn the yield was sixty-five bushels of fine shelled corn per acre.

Barley was then sowed on the top of the ground, among the corn stalks. The cattle were turned in to feed on the corn stubble, and tramp the grain into the soft soil. From this one sowing, five crops of hay were

produced (making six crops, including the corn crop), with only the double plowing at first. Except the last crop, which had run down to nearly one-half weeds, each yield was from two and one-half to four tons of fine hay to the acre. The field was used as a buck pasture, and the animals after each harvest would trample the grain down into the ground. This sounds, perhaps, like rather a loud story, but it is without exaggeration in any sense.

Mr. Cooper had an orchard, planted alongside of this field in January, 1872. Up to the present time (July, 1893) there have been gathered twenty crops of fine fruit. The first year yielded nothing, but since that date no year has failed to furnish its generous quota of fruit. There are ten varieties of apples, four or five varieties of peaches, beside quinces, nectarines and apricots.

The ranch was well known to the Indians, as the vestiges of ancient rancherias abundantly show. Quite a variety of mortars, pestles and other relics of a by-gone race have been turned up by the plow.

Little by little, as time went on, adjoining land has been added to the estate, until the total area of the ranch now amounts to about eighteen thousand acres.

Improvements of all kinds have been added to the place until it is now equipped in all respects with wool and hay barns and appliances of every kind.

## CHAPTER XVI.

In 1871, Mr. Cooper may be considered in very comfortable circumstances. He had proprietary interests in two of the finest ranches in the State, was in good health, had met the fortunes and misfortunes of life with equanimity, and seemed to lack only a wife to make his life complete.

I have spoken of the brothers W. W. and Hubbard Hollister. It is now time to introduce another, the oldest brother. His name was Albert G., and he lived in Holt County, Missouri. He had a daughter, Miss Frances Mary, who with her sister, Miss Lu, was on a visit to her uncle Hubbard. Mr. Cooper met and wooed Miss Frances, and in his case love ran so smoothly, that on July 3, 1871, he took the most important step in his life—he married. There never was anything ostentatious in Mr. Cooper, and there was nothing showy in the celebration of his marriage. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Bush of San Francisco, at the home of Hubbard Hollister, in San Luis Obispo. The immediate friends of the happy couple were present, and after the ceremony, in company with the bride's sister Miss Lu, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper started by stage, for their home on the Santa Rosa ranch. At Ballards they took their own carriage, pushed on, arrived at home on the morning of July 4th and took breakfast with the carpenters, who were at work repairing and remodeling the ranch house.

It is not my aim to speak of the ideal home and happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Cooper. It is known to all. Where each considers the other the most perfect individual in the world, there is no chance for differences.

In 1872, John Albert, their first child was born, and if there ever was a supremely happy and proud man in the world, it was J. W. Cooper. We may not dwell on that boy's life—it was altogether too short and precious for strangers to enter.

In the winter of 1872, Albert Hollister and his whole family arrived in California, and gave all their friends much pleasure by making their home within easy distance of their relatives.

In January, 1873, Mr. Cooper experienced a very severe loss. His old friend and partner, Hubbard Hollister, passed over to the great majority. In previous chapters I have spoken of this sunny, kind-hearted and generous man. Like all of the Hollister brothers, Hubbard was an ideal man. If he had any faults, they were never apparent. It would take a large number of pages, if I proposed to attempt a mere enumeration of the most conspicuous good acts of this noble man's life. To the sick he was the most tender and attentive nurse. His mere presence in the room was most potent, and a call on an invalid, with a little of his cheery, hopeful and sunshiny conversation did as much good as the doctor's prescription. Mr. Cooper tells many incidents of this good man's kindly acts. On that long journey across the plains, if one of the party was ill, it was Hubbard Hollister who insisted on nursing the invalid back to



health; if a man was over-weary, it was Hubbard Hollister who insisted on doing an extra amount of work in order to lighten the other's task; if a person was in any trouble, he had but to call on Hubbard Hollister, and the call for aid was never in vain. He was truly one of God's noblemen.

"I was in intimate relations with the man for fifteen years," said Mr. Cooper, "and I never had one harsh or angry word with him. The more I was with him, the more I loved him. He was one of those rare men one meets but occasionally in a lifetime."

Naturally Cooper missed his old friend very much. It was a loss for which there never could be any compensation. A friend like Hubbard Hollister can never be replaced.

The partnership was not terminated until the estate was wound up in 1874. In the final settlement, Cooper turned over his share in the Lompoc ranch and \$12,000 to the estate and, in return, received the full right and title to the Santa Rosa ranch, of which I have given a somewhat detailed account in the preceding chapters. Thus was ended a long and most satisfactory partnership between two men who cordially loved each other.

So far in our work I have neglected to say anything concerning the discrimination shown against the flock-owners in favor of the cattlemen. Why this state of affairs existed we need not attempt to answer, if indeed, there was ever any reason for it, except prejudice and greed on the part of the cattlemen. Up to this time (1874) there was no law preventing cattle and horses

from running at will wherever they pleased. To be sure, a cattleman could not herd his cattle on another man's land, but he could turn them loose and allow them to wander wherever they would. The sheep-owners could not retaliate and get even in this matter by turning their sheep loose. If this was done the wild animals would exterminate the whole flock in a very short time. Coyotes, especially, preyed on flocks that were unguarded. I have spoken somewhat of the intelligence of these animals and their ability to think for themselves. Mr. Cooper is my authority for the assertion that coyotes, on finding a flock of sheep unguarded, will herd the sheep, and keep them well bunched together, so as to have them handy to eat as they require. This may seem rather a strong assertion to make, but it is vouched for by several other men who have seen the work done.

A man could take up a squatter's claim where there was water. Possibly, yes probably, the place could not feed over two hundred head of cattle, yet the man would keep two thousand. To feed this large band of cattle he would allow them to roam at will over other men's ranges. Mr. Cooper was compelled to spend thousands of dollars in order to keep such cattle from his lands, so that his stock could get the benefit of his own grass. It was one constant struggle for ranchmen to prevent cattle, owned by landless men, from eating up all the feed. In those days the county was full of bands of mustang horses. People, who had little or nothing else, would have large numbers of these animals. Of course they did not make their owners more wealthy, for horseflesh

was a drug in the market. They were a great curse to the sheep-owners from the amount of damage done the flocks. It was no uncommon thing for a band of these semi-wild horses to dash through a flock of sheep, killing and maiming the young lambs, and leaving the unharmed sheep nearly dead from fright.

This state of affairs bade fair to absolutely ruin the sheep-industry, and if Col. W. W. Hollister and other men of determination had not come to the rescue, only a few more years would have been needed to see the sheep ranges denuded and deserted.

In 1873-74, the California Legislature passed what has been known as the "No fence law," or "Tresspass act." This beneficent and just measure was a solution of the question, "*Shall cattle-owners be compelled to restrain and keep their cattle off other men's lands, or shall the land owners be obliged to fence the lands, if they wish to get the benefit of their ownership?*"

During twenty years, Col. Hollister fought for this measure and when it was finally passed it was mainly by his exertions. The law went into force immediately and resulted exactly as it was expected and hoped for. It closed the country to the marauding bands of wild horses, and men who had been pasturing their cattle on their neighbors' lands disposed of their stock and quit the business. I believe Mr. Cooper was the first man in Santa Barbara County to make a practical application of this law. He was compelled to do it only once, and then there were no hard feelings engendered.

For his own benefit, Mr. Cooper added more fences to

his ranch each year. He found it paid him to fence off his own pasturage, and thus restrain his own cattle within bounds.

The distance from the Santa Rosa ranch to Santa Barbara was never considered very great in those days, and two or three times each year Mr. Cooper would take his family to this city for a visit and thoroughly enjoy the trips.

In 1876, a syndicate was organized to purchase Mr. Cooper's ranch, the price agreed upon being \$370,000. The matter was delayed and finally came to naught. The following year (1877) brought another great drouth to the State. While this dry year was not so severe and far-reaching as the one of 1864, it was incidental to an immense loss to stock-men. It was estimated that fully one-half the sheep disappeared from the county. Many died, but far more were driven away to other pastures. The fields sown to barley remained brown all winter, and in most cases the grain barely sprouted. Fruit trees suffered very severely and most of them did not blossom this season.

After shearing, Mr. Cooper found he had 24,000 sheep on his ranch. This was too great a number at that time and efforts were made to reduce the total in the flocks so as to better meet the diminished feed of the season. He slaughtered 6,500 lambs, and then sold, at a nominal figure, 2,000 sheep to a party in Lompoc. The San Francisco market took 3,000, and 3,500 were sent to the matanza, where they were killed for their pelts and tallow. This reduced his flocks to 8,000 sheep—the choicest of

the whole number—and they all did well, and went through the season easily.

The following season, 1877-78, was prosperous. Plenty of rain fell, and excellent crops and good prices made everyone happy. Wool and mutton commanded good figures, and the losses of the previous year were rapidly made good. Nothing of note happened to our friend until the year 1879, when, in December, arrived the cross of his life. In that month came the death of his first born, Albert. From now on, life at the ranch was never the same to him, nor has the family ever been satisfied to permanently reside there since. Everything speaks of the bright young life that went out so suddenly and left the aching wound that can never be healed.

Under these circumstances, Mr. Cooper decided to move his family to Santa Barbara, near which place in Goleta he had some time previously purchased a fine estate of two hundred and fifty acres, for which he paid \$15,000, the object being to reside near his father-in-law, Mr. Albert G. Hollister.

A fine, comfortable residence on Micheltoreña street was first leased for a short period, the object being to ascertain whether life in a city would be pleasing to a man who had lived on a ranch for so many years. The move, then, was experimental, but Mr. Cooper soon grew fond of the beautiful city and its people, and decided to make Santa Barbara his future permanent home. He took possession of the residence on Micheltoreña street on New Year's, 1882, intending to live there and carry on and improve his property in Goleta. However, as has

been said, Mr. Cooper became so fond of his new home, that he decided to give up all thoughts of working the Goleta property. About this time the residence of Ex-Mayor Mortimer Cook was offered for sale, and Mr. Cooper purchased it for \$10,000 and took possession at once. Here he has resided ever since, perfectly satisfied with his beautiful and luxurious home.

He continued to carry on his Santa Rosa ranch, through his old-time, much-trusted and always reliable foreman, John Wilson, who had been with him for seventeen years. Mr. Wilson is one of the best of men, and has shown his fidelity and zeal on countless occasions.

In 1885, Mr. Cooper decided to still further withdraw from active business. Acting on this resolution he sold his stock (1,200 cattle and 14,000 sheep) to Mr. Leon Carteri, and leased to him the Santa Rosa ranch for a period of five years, the annual rental of which was \$8,500 for the first three years, and \$9,500 for the the remaining two years. On the expiration of that period, another lease of five years was granted to the same party.

Mr. and Mrs. Cooper have been blessed with seven children, of whom six are still living: Bessie, Willie, Lulu, Joseph, Fannie and Thomas D., the latter being named after Mr. Cooper's long-time friend, Thomas B. Dibblee. A brighter, more healthy or a better raised family of young folks cannot be found anywhere. They all bid fair to become useful men and women—as their parents have always been. It is a most pleasing picture to see Mr. Cooper romping with his merry young folks.

He is never so happy as when he has a load of them and their friends in his carriage, riding up and down State street.

## CHAPTER XVII.

In the foregoing pages many a little incident has crept in that caused Mr. Cooper to shake his head in protest, but for all of that the writer has taken the full responsibility as he does for the following chapter, which is decidedly of a personal nature, and deals with the individuality of the man.

In Mr. Cooper, we see a medium-sized man of perhaps five feet nine inches in height. As he walks, we forget his sixty-seven years, and think of him only as a middle-aged man, who has worked hard, done his whole duty, and is at peace with the whole world. He has the habit, when talking, of looking straight into one's eyes and making his words as direct as his glance. No one can listen to him for five minutes without being impressed with the honesty and earnestness of the man. He is not of an entirely serious cast of mind—far from it. No one better enjoys a joke—even if it is on himself. He is remarkably quick at repartee, and few men better understand the art of condensing many words into a single phrase. He is a dangerous man to meet in an argument, for, nine times out of ten, he will turn a neat story or form a clear-cut epigram, which is confusing in its originality and remarkable for its incisiveness. I do not wish to be misunderstood in this. My friend is not a professional joker, nor is he a man who loves to joke at the expense of another's feelings. It is to be doubted if there is a man in the city who has so much regard for another's



feelings as Mr. Cooper. But one must not presume too much on this. Give but a hint that you are trifling with him. Show even in the faintest manner you are poking fun at him, and those kindly eyes take on another expression. Now look out! Stand from under! In a second more a whirlwind of mother wit, a tornado of sarcasm, or an avalanche of solid argument, condensed and epitomized, drops on your devoted head.

Mr. Cooper has a wonderful intuition as to the people he meets. He seems to read a man at a glance, size him up, and place him where he belongs. Probably to this he owes his grand galaxy of staunch friends, the Hollisters, the Dibbles, Martin Oldham, Col. Peters, Nelson McMahon and John Wilson. Intuitively, he knew those men and clung to them. No one more truly reads another at a glance, knows his capabilities and fitness for special work better than does Mr. Cooper. I may cite in proof of this a recent episode when the movement was made to divide our beautiful county. In their zeal and haste, different people proposed to send this and that man to Sacramento to oppose the divisionists. Mr. Cooper listened and finally and peremptorily said: "No! Let us send C. A. Storke! He is the man." Mr. Storke was sent, and his arduous work and pronounced success are well known. He did what I honestly believe no other man could have done. In that hot-bed of scheming machinations, in that seething mass of intrigues, it was Storke who stood firm, kept his wits about him, worked and worked. He showed up the fallacy of this argument, the unfairness of that, and the rottenness of *all*, and his

success was another proof of the soundness of Mr. Cooper's estimate of the man. Sometimes the prospect looked dubious, but Cooper never doubted. He believed in Mr. Storke and never wavered. While on this subject, I wish to say that to Mr. Cooper belongs the greater part of the credit of defeating the schemes for county division.

Probably a majority of people who are acquainted with Mr. Cooper will affirm that the great virtue for which he is noted above all others, is loyalty to a friend. In this he never yet failed. Once a friend, he is always a friend—unless the object of that friendship shows that it is misplaced. For a friend, he will undertake any amount of work, or, if need be, give freely of his time and money.

Mr. Cooper has always taken an active interest in politics, and is known as a Democrat, though never as a partisan. His vote always goes for the man best fitted for the office, and if he does not consider either candidate a capable man, neither of them will get his vote.

He has always been a firm believer in the doctrine of Protection, and freely admits that all he has in the way of worldly goods he owes to this measure. "I am a Democrat," said he recently, "but I am not a believer in the fallacious doctrine of Free Trade, nor have I any patience with people who, after having seen the country prosperous under protection to an extent absolutely unparalleled in the world, now clamor to kill the goose that has laid the golden egg and go back to the woes that existed in the years when Free Trade was the rule of the land."

"I once had a man in my employ, who had lived in Australia, and worked on a sheep ranch. At the time, I had just sold my spring wool, and the man asked the price. I told him the average price for all grades was twenty-six cents a pound. The man made answer that "if they would but remove the tariff from wool the American people would quickly see what would become of the wool business in this country. In Australia they sheared their sheep and packed up the wool, season after season, until it amounted to millions of pounds. Just slip off your tariff for a little while, and the Australians would flood the market. They could pay the freight and sell the wool in San Francisco at ten cents per pound, and yet make a fortune, for their expenses are a mere nothing. They rent large tracts of government land at a mere nominal price, and the other expenses amount to but very little. You American sheepmen are very fortunate in your tariff."

A few years later there was a reduction in the tariff on wool, which cut such a figure in the profits of the business, that it was very largely influential in deciding Cooper to rent his land to others. There was very little profit in the sheep-raising business, after that.

"Remove your tariff," says Cooper, "and give us absolutely Free Trade, and the country will be in a terrible condition very quickly. The great factories, that give employment to thousands of men and women, would be compelled to close their doors or reduce the pay of their operatives until they work on the same basis as the European operators work. Do this, and we would have a revolution in a week's time!"

At the time of the Homestead riots, Mr. Cooper openly confesses that he was ashamed of some of the prominent Democrats. Up to that time, he had favored General Palmer, as the Democratic nominee for the presidency, instead of Mr Cleveland. But Palmer took such a stand in the question that he couldn't now get Cooper's vote for even so small an office as constable.

As it was with Palmer, so with Voorhees and Senator Vest, whom Cooper personally knew years ago. "They are mere demagogues, seeking people's votes," said Cooper.

Speaking one day of the Homestead troubles, Mr. Cooper said: "It annoys me to hear Democrats say, 'Protection is the cause of all this. Protection caused the strike!' Well, in one sense, it is so. But if it had not been for Protection, there could have been no Carnegie works, employing its thousands of men at from \$3 to \$16 each per diem, and allowing the men to ride to and from their work in their carriages like princes. I've not forgotten when I worked for twenty cents per day. That was under Free Trade's rule. During that period my people raised nice, fat turkeys, dressed and took them three miles to market, and there sold them at twenty cents each and *took payment in store goods!* That was under Free Trade, too. On last New Year's I bought a single turkey of a market man in Santa Barbara, and found it cost me \$5.25. I said to the market man, 'When I was a boy, we raised twenty-six turkeys to equal the price of this one, and had to take our pay in store goods, while you get the *clean cash.*' But in those days we had Free

Trade, now we have Protection. At that time, in the forties, such articles as were then considered luxuries, but which are now considered necessities, were sold at fully 35 per cent above the price retailed at now. The list included tea, sugar, calico, wrought-iron nails, and many other articles. I am wearing a suit of clothes that cost me \$10.00. In those days such a suit would have cost me not less than \$25.00. Bah! Why, in the name of God, any man complains now, is more than I can understand. We are the best fed, best clothed, and best cared for people in the world. We ought to be the happiest, yet we grumble most. Any laborer, who gets the present prices for his work, could soon have a neat house and a nice bank account, if he would economize as we had to forty years ago."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

In preceding chapters I have made mention of various men who had become fast friends of Mr. Cooper, or were connected with him in business enterprises of more or less magnitude. Whether it was from luck or intuition, it will be noted that Cooper was most fortunate in his associates. They were all superior men, who proved true and loyal, and exerted a tremendous influence on his life, character and fortune. This is of itself most remarkable, for in those days, as in the present time, there was a super-abundance of men who cared nothing for morality, truth, honor, or any of the higher aims of life, and lived simply for self and self-indulgence. But Mr. Cooper seems never to have been much thrown into their society. Among all his intimates, there was not one who was of mediocre ability or wanting in the good qualities which we look for and must find in the higher grade of men.

The influence exerted on a young man by good associates can never be over-estimated. It is to him what the genial rays of the sun are to the growing crops; what the rain is to the thirsty traveler, and what the mother's smile is to her babe. When Mr. Cooper arrived in Stockton in 1850, he was a young man in years, and a mere boy in experience. Good influence meant inexpressibly more to him than money, for with his thrifty habits, which were natural to him, wealth was assured from the start. So, when a man of such intellect, such exalted ideas of honor, purity, truth and all that makes a man

look good, in the sight of heaven, as was exemplified in Martin E. Oldham, came into Cooper's life, good results were to be looked for, and hope waxed strong.

#### MARTIN E. OLDHAM

Was one of the first of a coterie of friends to whom Cooper became attached, after he came to California. He crossed the plains from Missouri in 1849, and met Mr. Cooper as narrated on page 18, in September, 1850, and, for several months thereafter, the two men saw much of each other. Mr. Oldham was about a dozen years older than Cooper, of large heavy-set frame, dark complexion, and afraid of nothing. He was well educated, and from much reflection had become a man of remarkable intelligence. He was a most companionable person, with a great store of pleasant anecdote that did much to aid in passing the time pleasantly in his company.

After Cooper took his wild-goose chase from California to the States in 1851, he returned and found his friend Oldham yet engaged in the business of freighting, with headquarters at Stockton. From now on the men were together almost constantly, and went home in company in 1855. Cooper soon found Oldham a good man to tie to, and often says that it is to Oldham that he owes many of his steady habits, and much of his later success in life. The men were together so much that people, seeing one of them, would remark that the other was not far away.

In those days there was nothing in the way of entertainment, except to visit the saloons and fandango-houses. Nearly everyone would saunter into one or the

other during an evening. It was just after a trip to Stockton that the incident, which I shall now relate, took place. Both men had gone to one of these places as lookers-on, for neither gambled or took part in any of the dancing. During the evening a row took place, and in an instant revolvers and knives were whipped out and shooting began. Of course, every one not engaged in the scrimmage, made a break for the doors, as did Oldham and Cooper, who were among the first to get out. They had forgotten a pile of old lumber, which lay just in front of the door. Running against it, they were toppled over in a moment, and before they could get to their feet, the other people, hurrying out, fell over the men, making a jumble that would have been comical in any other place. After they finally extricated themselves and got upon their feet, Cooper said:

“Martin, I am never going to such a place again. Suppose one of us had been killed. Our folks would have heard of it and been convinced that we were participants in the affair, and felt disgraced at it.” This was the last time that either entered the doors of such a place.

Oldham was present on the steamer *Ætna*, when the captain attempted to get possession of the dead Illinoisan's money.

In 1867, Cooper went back to the States and, while there, visited his old friend who was then living in Boone County. He became acquainted with Oldham's family, and found them all excellent people, and not a black sheep among them. As a family, they are widely known and much respected by all.



Cooper tried to persuade Oldham to return with him and drive a band of cattle across the plains, but his friend declined. This was the last time they met. Fifteen years later, while Mr. Cooper was living on the Santa Rosa ranch, he wrote a letter to Oldham, suggesting that perhaps he had been worsted by the fortunes of war (the Rebellion was just over), and that it would be well to come on to California and that he (Cooper) would make it an object for him to do so. Cooper intended to help Oldham to get a ranch, and thus repay some of the kind offices of his friend to him. In due course of time came a letter, giving the sad information that Martin Oldham was dead. Poor Martin! A better man, a more honest man, or a more conscientious Christian never lived. He will long be remembered for the good he has done. He was a man who made the world better by his living. Thinking of him, the question may well be asked, why is it that good and true men seem to die first, and leave in the world so many that could be so easily dispensed with?

COL. NEWTON C. PETERS.

I have spoken of this gentleman in various places as we went on in our narrative. He it was, who first suggested driving sheep across the plains to California. While in Sacramento in 1850 he met Nelson McMahon who had made the trip in Bartleson's party to California in 1841. When McMahon met Peters, he asked:

"What can a man do to make some money?"

Col. Peters said: "buy fine grade sheep in the East and drive them to California."

"I will furnish the money if you will join me," said McMahon.

So in 1851 we find the men gathering a band of sheep in Missouri and, with Mr. Cooper, driving it across the plains by the northern route to California. Here Cooper first became acquainted with the men. This has been fully narrated in Chapter VI. Col. Peters was a bright, intelligent man, with quite a taste for business. Mr. Cooper always speaks in the kindest manner of his old friend and often says that it was Col. Peters who changed the whole course of his life, thereby bringing about the success, in a financial way, that he is now enjoying. It will be remembered that it was by Col. Peters' recommendation that Mr. Cooper entered into partnership in the enterprise of driving sheep across the continent in 1858, and from that date began his career as one of the "Pastoral Princes," as the great sheep-raisers were termed.

Nothing but the most kindly feelings were ever harbored between the men, and when the news of Col. Peters' death was announced, it brought forth a sincere feeling of regret from Mr. Cooper.

#### NELSON MC MAHON.

This gentleman was the next in order that came into Cooper's life as a firm, true friend. He was born and reared in Cooper County, Missouri, where he has a large number of relatives yet living. He came from a first-rate family, and there is not a man, woman or child among them but has turned out well.

Nelson McMahon is mentioned by Bancroft in Volume IV, History of California, as being one of the Bartleson party which, after great dangers and almost unbearable hardships, arrived in San Jose, in November, 1841. The Bartleson party numbered thirty-four people, whose names are given by Bancroft as follows :

John Bartleson (captain), Elias Barnett, Josiah Belden, Wm. Belty, John Bidwell, Henry L. Brolaski, David W. Chandler, Joseph B. Childs, Grove C. Cook, James Dawson, Nic. Dawson, Talbot H. Green, Geo. Henshaw, Charles Hopper, Henry Huber, James John, Thos. Jones, Andrew Kelsey, Ben Kelsey, wife and daughter, John McDowell, Green McMahon, Nelson McMahon, Michael C. Nye, A. Gwin Patton, Robert Rickman, John Roland, John L. Schwartz, James P. Springer, Robert H. Thomas, Ambrose Welton, Major Walton, and Charles M. Weber.

In the winter of 1851, McMahon returned to the States and we find him with Col. Peters, ready to start again for California, this time with a band of sheep. It was on this trip that he became acquainted with Mr. Cooper. The two men seemed mutually to be drawn to each other and at once began a life-long friendship. McMahon chose Cooper as his hunting companion.

Mr. Cooper tells the following story of one of their excursions : " On one occasion we started out to get a buffalo, and, after going two or three miles, we came in sight of a large band, feeding on a level plain. We managed to get to the windward of the animals and, when within six hundred yards distant, dismounted,

hobbled the horses and began to walk nearer, carrying our guns on our arms.

Buffaloes always post sentinels before they feed. The sentinels will feed awhile, and then raise their heads and look around to see that all is safe. By watching the sentinels carefully, we got well up to the band, but found it necessary to crawl along the ground, in order to get within range. McMahon was in the lead with his double-barreled shot-gun, and I, armed in a similar manner, brought up the rear. We would push our guns ahead of us, and then move on ourselves. Suddenly I looked at my gun and the sight made my hair stand on end and actually raise my hat from my head. Both barrels of the gun were cocked, pointed at McMahon, and only needed a slight jostle to be discharged at the man. Heavens! how my heart beat as I saw the danger, and and what a long sigh of relief I took as I let down the hammers. I never told my friend of his danger, nor did he ever learn it. It makes me shudder even to this day, as I think of it."

In 1854 McMahon drove another band across the plains with the same partner, Col. Peters.

McMahon was a grand man and the pity is there are not more like him. He had less hypocrisy in his make-up than one often finds. He was tall, spare, very quiet, and not over-talkative. When he spoke, he had something of value to say.

He died in New York, while on his way home, in 1856. He must have accumulated quite a handsome fortune. His elder brother Green, who crossed the plains in 1841,

died in one of the upper counties, sometime since the death of Nelson.

#### THE HOLLISTER BROTHERS.

Early in 1802, John Hollister gave up his New England residence and emigrated to Ohio, where, in Licking County, he made himself a new home and settled down for life in what was then a far-away land. There he married the daughter of a prominent family, and was blessed with the stalwart children we know so well in Southern California.

John Hollister was a man of sturdy habits, honesty, strong moral convictions, keen intellect and commanding presence—traits of character we find transmitted to his children in a very marked degree.

On January 12, 1818, was born William Wells, fifth child and second son of John and Philena Hubbard Hollister. He showed a remarkable talent for acquiring knowledge, and was sent to Kenyon College to complete his education, but trouble with his eyes caused the college course to be given up.

The fame of California reached Mr. Hollister and, in 1852, he went across the plains and arrived at San Jose, in October, 1852. He examined the country, and at once saw its possibilities. Back he went to Ohio, sanguine of success in introducing the Ohio breed of sheep with its delicate flesh and fine wool. In the spring of 1853, with a company of fifty men driving 6,000 graded sheep, he was again on the way to California. This was considered, and certainly was, a hazardous undertaking, but the gain



**ALBERT G. HOLLISTER.**

would be great, if the venture was a success. Besides, Col. Peters, McMahon and J. W. Cooper had made the same trip successfully, two years before.

On this journey, Col. Hollister was accompanied by his brother Hubbard, and his sister Mrs. Lucy A. Brown, or "Auntie Brown," as she was affectionately called by all who knew her.

It is a source of regret that space forbids speaking at length of this grand woman who, after the death of her husband, devoted her whole time to her brother. Her life was full of good acts and a steady stream of kindness seemed to flow from her presence wherever she was. The Colonel often told his friends what his sister had been to him. No sacrifice was too great to make, nor was any work too severe or arduous, if it was for her brother. In him, she forgot self and worked only for his good. Good women, it is said, can be found in plenty, everywhere, and I believe it is true, but it is to be doubted if they are readily found, who have so little of selfishness and so much of devotion as was shown in this woman's life. In person she was tall and stately, with a presence that impressed everyone immediately. She had a wonderful intellect which, had it been used for her own self, could not have failed to make her a noted woman in any community. There can be no doubt but Col. Hollister was largely indebted to his sister for his great fortune and success. She died April 30, 1893, aged 79 years.

The party drove their sheep from St. Joseph, Mo., to Salt Lake, thence via the old Mormon road to San Bernardino into California. When the haven was reached,

there was left less than one-fourth of the original number of sheep.

It would tire the reader were we to rehearse the long series of good works done by Col. Hollister. There was no commendable enterprise that did not get his approbation and financial aid. The Arlington Hotel, the Odd Fellows Block, the Santa Barbara College (now known as the San Marcos Hotel), and a myriad other enterprises of import to Santa Barbara, were aided by his purse. Were we to simply enumerate the men who have been saved from financial ruin or given a lift toward getting on in the world by Col. Hollister, the list would materially swell the number of our pages. As has been said, he was the prime mover in bringing about that much needed ordinance known as the "No fence law."

The truth is, in Col. Hollister this city had a friend who was a host in himself. He was always thinking of some way by which he could aid the people. He spent thousands of dollars in experiment, that never gave him a dollar in return, but was of inestimable value to the county and the city. But why go on? It is impossible to do justice to such a man. He died August 6, 1886, aged 68 years.

Of Hubbard Hollister we have spoken fully in our narrative, and endeavored to give a picture of the man in his every day life. He was in all senses one of the noblest men of his time. He died January 5, 1873, aged 53 years.

I have not made much mention of Albert G. Hollister, the oldest of the brothers and the father of Mrs. J. W.



Cooper. He was fully the equal of the others in all senses, and was one of those sunny, lovable men that seem like a rare blossom. No one was ever more loved by his immediate associates. He knew no difference between friend or foe in time of trouble. All were the same to him, if they needed assistance. His affectionate nature was the prime mover in inducing him to come to California—that he might be near his brothers and sister, and have the pleasure of his daughter's presence, and her merry youngsters. He went to his long rest on April 24, 1891, aged 79. Mr. Cooper was much attached to the Hollisters, and even today his eyes will fill with tears, as he recalls his old friends, and thinks of what he lost in their deaths.

#### THE DIBBLEE BROTHERS.

These gentlemen, Thomas B. and Albert, are of the best and most distinguished families in New York, their native State. Both men are remarkable for their intellectual attainments, and would command attention in any part of the world as men of high order.

Thomas B. Dibblee was bred a lawyer, acquiring his professional education in the office of the celebrated jurist and ex-Secretary of State, Hamilton Fish. In 1859 he came to the Pacific Coast and at once began the business of sheep-raising in Los Angeles County, owning the noted Santa Anita ranch, now in possession of E. J. Baldwin. I have detailed the acquisition of the great Lompoc and San Julian ranches and the remarkable success attending their management. In Mr. Cooper's opinion, that great acquisition of property, and the



THOMAS B. DIBBLEE.

consequent wonderful financial success of the firm of Hollister & Dibblee is largely to be credited to the ability of Mr. Thomas Dibblee. In acquiring the Las Cruces ranch, it was found that, by limitation, the grant had lapsed, and to get a good title was a matter of extreme difficulty. Eminent counsel was sought and the information given that the lapsed title could be rectified, but to do so would cost much time and require more money than the property was worth. Mr. Dibblee differed from the opinion, and set himself to the task. He went to work and wrote and wrote, until the manuscript lines, if placed end to end, would probably extend around the earth. It was a Herculean task, but received its reward in finally bringing a perfect title to the property in question. It is doubted if there is another man in the State than he could have done this.

Mr. Dibblee is thorough in all that he undertakes. He is a thorough business man, a thorough stock-raiser, a thorough lawyer, and a man of honor—a gentleman, always. Scrupulously honest, he would no more do anyone an injury than he would profit by an unjust transaction. A more honorable, conservative, truthful and straightforward man was never created.

Mr. Cooper never tires of speaking of this long-trying friend. "We went through the dry seasons together," said he. "We had our ups and downs, success and failure, together. I invariably found him the same true man. I always felt very safe and easy in his presence. If I had to meet a cyclone, a whirlwind or an earthquake, I would want to have Thomas B. Dibblee with me, for

he would be sure to devise some way by which we could escape the worst features. In any legal question, I would prefer having his opinion to that of any lawyer I ever met. There is always a lurking doubt as to the opinion of most lawyers, but after getting Mr. Dibblee's decision, I go to bed and sleep—secure that I have the true facts of the case.”

Another time I heard Mr. Cooper use the following words: “If the old Bible teachings, that the people who are not good must go to the devil, are true, and if I must go there with the great majority of people, I would like to go just behind and with Thomas B. Dibblee as spokesman. If the Old Nick would give him a hearing, and if Dibblee didn't argue the devil out of the whole or worst part of the punishment, I would feel that I must make the best of the matter. There would be no chance of any further appeal.”

Mr. Thomas B. Dibblee married Miss Francesca, the beautiful and charming daughter of Don Pablo De la Guerra, one of the best known and most respected men in the State. The De la Guerra family has long been prominent in the State and has the bluest of aristocratic blood in its veins.

The older part of our population well remember the benevolent and kindly Capt. De la Guerra, grandfather of Mrs. Dibblee. He was the most worthy and distinguished man of his time in this part of the State, a veritable prince in his holdings, and a thousand times a prince in his charities. He had a large store-house, and each morning would hand out the keys and bid someone dis-

pense gratuitously and freely goods to all who were in need. To the Americans he was always amiable, and assisted them in numberless ways. It was given out freely that if they wished a beef they were allowed to take it, the only thing expected in recompense being that the hide should be staked out on the ground, ready for the servants to take up. If they wished a horse to ride, it was given them. Capt. De la Guerra left a large family of sons who were likewise known for public spirit and free-handed hospitality. Such a family deserve well of any city and county.

Mr. and Mrs. Dibblee reside in their beautiful and palatial residence on Punta del Castillo, with a large family of charming young folks, loved and respected by the whole city.

Of Albert Dibblee I need say but little, as what I would say must be much the same as was said of his brother Thomas. He came to California in 1849, and engaged in the commission business, and is still continuing in the same line. He is one of the most astute business men in the State, and his masterly handling of the finances of the ranches we have spoken of, very largely contributed to their success. He is a much respected man, and well known all over the Coast. Like his brother, he is noted for his straightforward dealings, integrity and kindness. He is an ornament to our great commonwealth.

As he has always resided in San Francisco, Mr. Cooper never had the intimate relations with Albert that he did with Thomas, but such as they were, were amply sufficient

to make him much attached to the man and give him a high opinion of his ability and goodness.

The brothers have been a decided gain to the great State of California, and their influence will long be felt after the men themselves are gathered to the great majority.

JOHN WILSON.

This gentleman has been mentioned as having been in Mr. Cooper's employ for seventeen years. Before going further, let it be said in this connection, that during all that long series of years there never was a harsh word uttered on either side. This speaks volumes for both employer and employee.

Mr. Wilson was a Vermonter, and of a family of five sons, not one of whom weighed less than two hundred pounds, or measured less than six feet. I gather from all accounts that this family, in physical strength, was one of the most remarkable in their State. Probably there was not a man of them but, with proper training, could have developed into a pugilist, before whom Corbett, Sullivan and the whole coterie of "champions" would have gone down like "dew before the rising sun." But the Wilsons were not that kind of people. They were decent men.

John Wilson was an extraordinary man, not only in physical development, but in intellect. On subjects of which he had informed himself, there were few that could better him in an argument. Particularly well-read in the Bible, Mr. Wilson would quote and expound its truths as few professional men can do. John was a Christian. Not

one of the kind who serve God one day and the devil six, but a man who is sincerely a believer in and a follower of the Savior each day of his life.

"I have a firm friendship and affection for the man," said Mr. Cooper. "The more I knew of him, the better I liked him. He had stood by me through thick and thin. He was always ready to do anything in his power that seemed good for my interests. The only thing I regretted when I sold the stock and rented my ranch, was that Mr. Wilson and I would be separated."

Mr. Wilson was a man absolutely without fear. Indeed it is much doubted if he ever knew what fear meant. When the time came, he was no more afraid to die than to eat his dinner. What more can be said of any man?

GEORGE H. LONG.

Here is another of the staunch friends that Mr. Cooper delights to speak of. His acquaintance with the man dates from 1864, but his more intimate knowledge of Mr. Long began in 1865, when he became foreman and superintendent of the Hollister & Dibblee ranches. It was George Long who opened up and stocked the great tracts with sheep, built roads, bridges and corrals, and made the places habitable. He is a man of indomitable perseverance, great industry, wonderful zeal and unswerving integrity. Rain or shine, cold or heat, in sunlight or darkness, George H. Long can always be relied on. He is possessed of extraordinary tact, and was a born leader of the class of men that naturally came under his supervision. While others were quite liable to have wrang-

lings and discords with the employees, Mr. Long seemed intuitively to understand just what should be done to have the utmost harmony and the natural outcome of it in good work and advantage to the proprietors.

After such ranches have been once got in shape, and the wheels all running smoothly, it is easy enough to keep things in order. When Mr. Long took the matters in hand he was the pioneer, mapping out work for future men. He had to combat the wild animals, which were so prevalent and caused such ravages among the flocks. He stood at the helm when the proprietors were embarrassed with partial drouth and great bands of sheep aggregating fully 75,000 head had to be fed. In Mr. Cooper's opinion there are few men the equal of George H. Long. He often says that he knows of no one whom he would better like to have at the head of affairs when difficulties are plentiful and extraordinary exertions are necessary. He is true as steel, and a good friend to tie to.

Mr. Cooper never tires of telling of the good points in Mr. Long's character. He says he was always sunny, good-natured and companionable, and it gives him great pleasure to know that by his industry and frugality he has accumulated a neat competency.

Mr. Long was born December 25, 1815, in Pennsylvania. He came to California in 1851, by way of Cape Horn.

MRS. SNELLING.

One day a young man, very ill of typhoid pneumonia, called at a public house and asked to be cared for. "I am a difficult patient," said he, "nervous, uneasy and



likely to cause you much annoyance and inconvenience, but I have the means to pay you for all your trouble."

The good lady was indignant. "I care nothing for your pay. What I wish is to get you cured of your illness as soon as possible. Pay is an after consideration. You will do just as you please in this house. If one bed does not suit you, you shall have another. Our whole business is to get you on your feet again and about your business, a well man."

This conversation took place one day in 1854, at a prosperous hotel on the Merced River, kept by Benjamin Snelling. The place has since been given the name Snelling, and is the county seat of Merced County. Indeed the new county of Merced was being formed at that very time of which I write.

The young man asking aid was Mr. Cooper, and the lady addressed was Mrs. Snelling, wife of the hotel proprietor. She took care of the sick man, and for a long time it was a very doubtful case. But Mrs. Snelling was noted for her kindness and, like a mother, she devoted herself to nursing back to health the invalid. After two long, weary months he was able to get about again.

At that time, in California, a sick man did not always get the proper care and attention. Everybody was in too much of a hurry to think of anyone but themselves, so we can readily understand Mr. Cooper's sense of gratitude for the noble woman who, in truth, saved his life.

Mr. and Mrs. Snelling were from Missouri, and came

to California in 1849. They were well-known and much respected people. Everybody knew and loved the lady for her kindness and care for all who came her way.

---

### CONCLUSION.

“And now,” said Mr. Cooper, after the preceding was written, “you have passed in review the principal friends of those exciting days when life was full of stir and bustle, and every hour a struggle. All but three of those men have gone to their rest. I am in the afternoon of life, myself, and it seemed good to call the roll once more. I am sixty-seven years old today, and each year I have noticed the shadows of the past grow longer and longer, and of course it will be no great while before my life will be but a shadow itself—a something that has been. I love to sit down and recall the pictures, note the lights and shades, the play of colors and the finished work. I love to think my dear old friends are with me, though I cannot see them—Hubbard, the Colonel, and Albert Hollister, forever hopeful, sunny, sweet-tempered and progressive; Col. Peters, planning for the future which is always in advance of him; Martin Oldham, sturdy, truthful, honest and fearless—a great oak tree that is good to lean against; Nelson McMahon, bold, manly and always reliable; and dear old Auntie Brown,

forever solicitous for others' comfort. It does me good to recall those staunch old friends and know they have been mine and are yet mine, for with all my heart I believe this, 'Once a friend, always a friend.'

"Now a word as to this little book, and how it came into existence. It started from the solicitation of friends, who believed it good to have the record of my experiences written out. The part of the data I have furnished has been entirely from recollections, but it is believed the facts in the main are accurate. If any mistakes have crept in, they are to be ascribed to lapse of memory. I am sure my immediate family and friends, for whom the work was written, will believe it. As for the balance of the world, it is a matter of indifference to me."

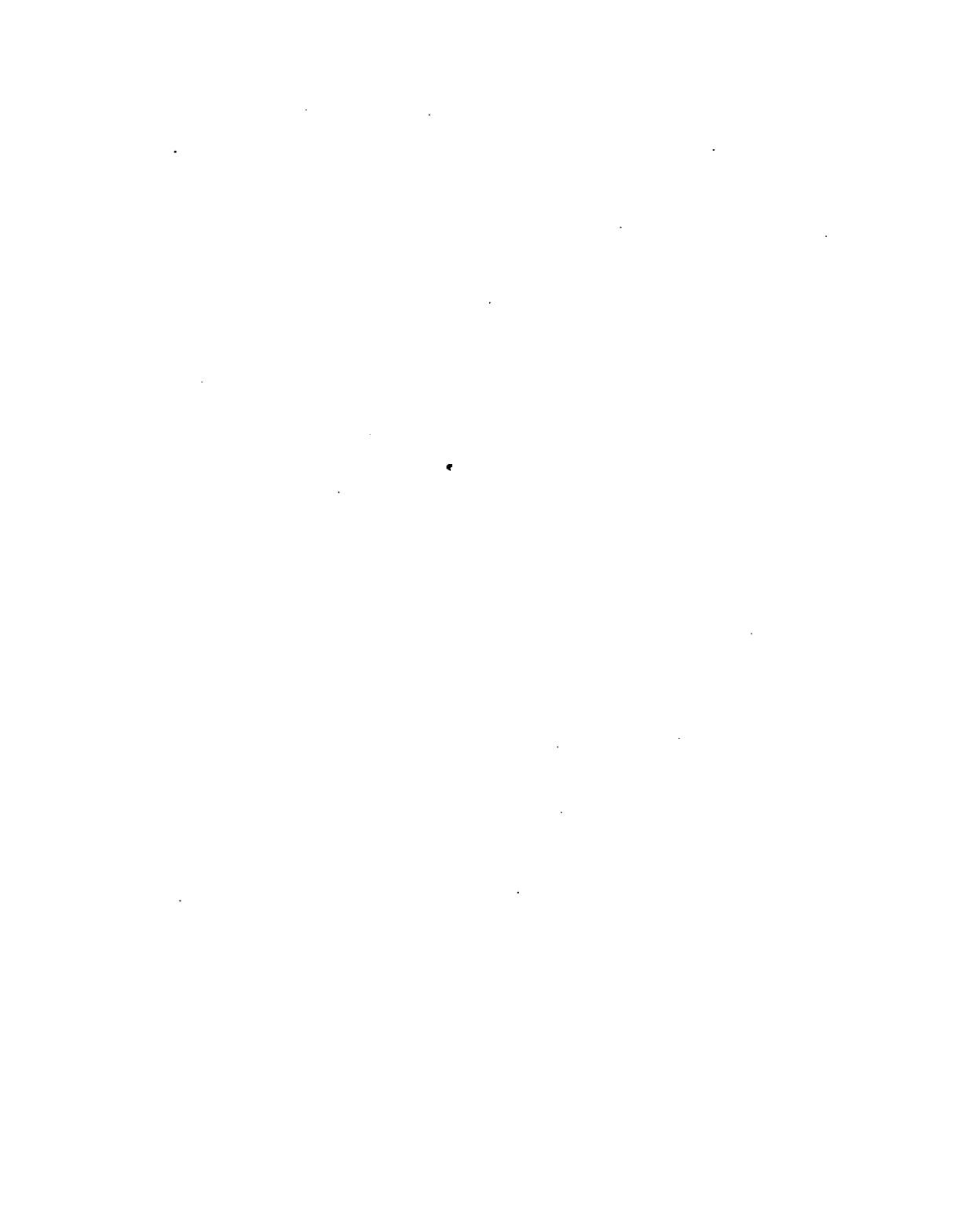
THE END.



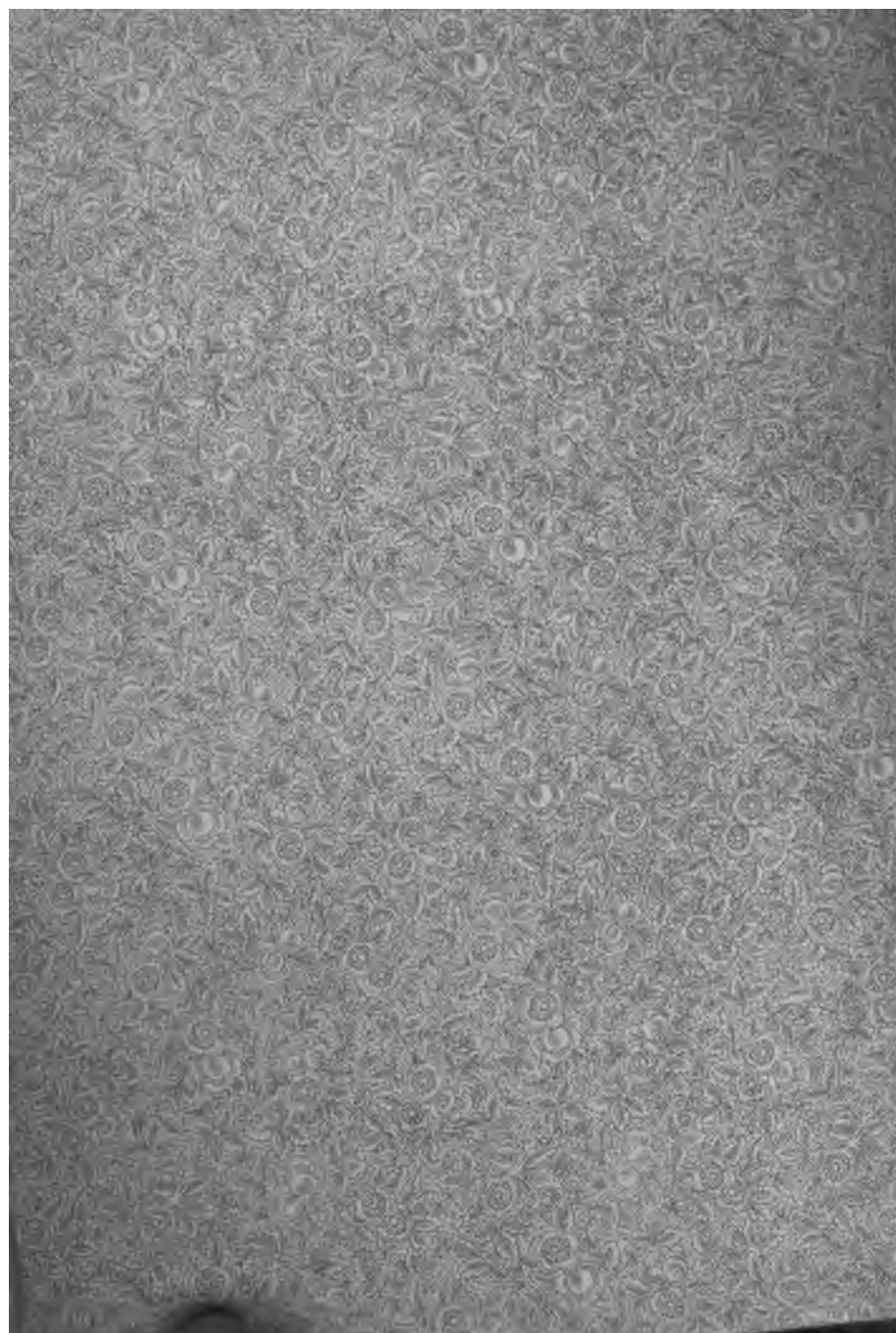














3 6105 011 807 075

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARY  
STANFORD AUXILIARY LIBRARY  
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6  
(650) 723-9201  
salcirc@sulmail.stanford.edu  
All books are subject to recall.  
DATE DUE



SANTA ROSA  
RANCH HOUSE